★ Jan. 17, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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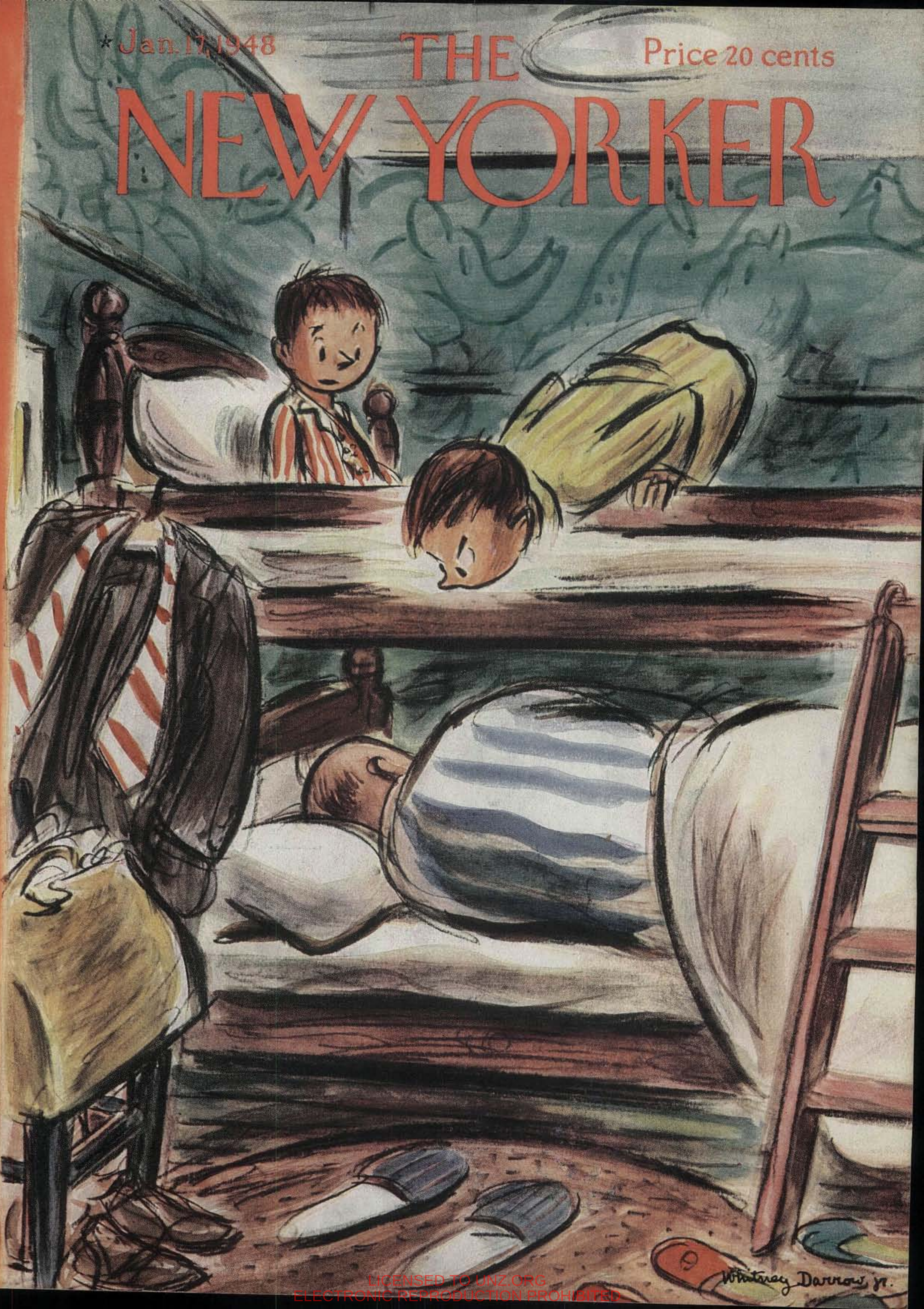
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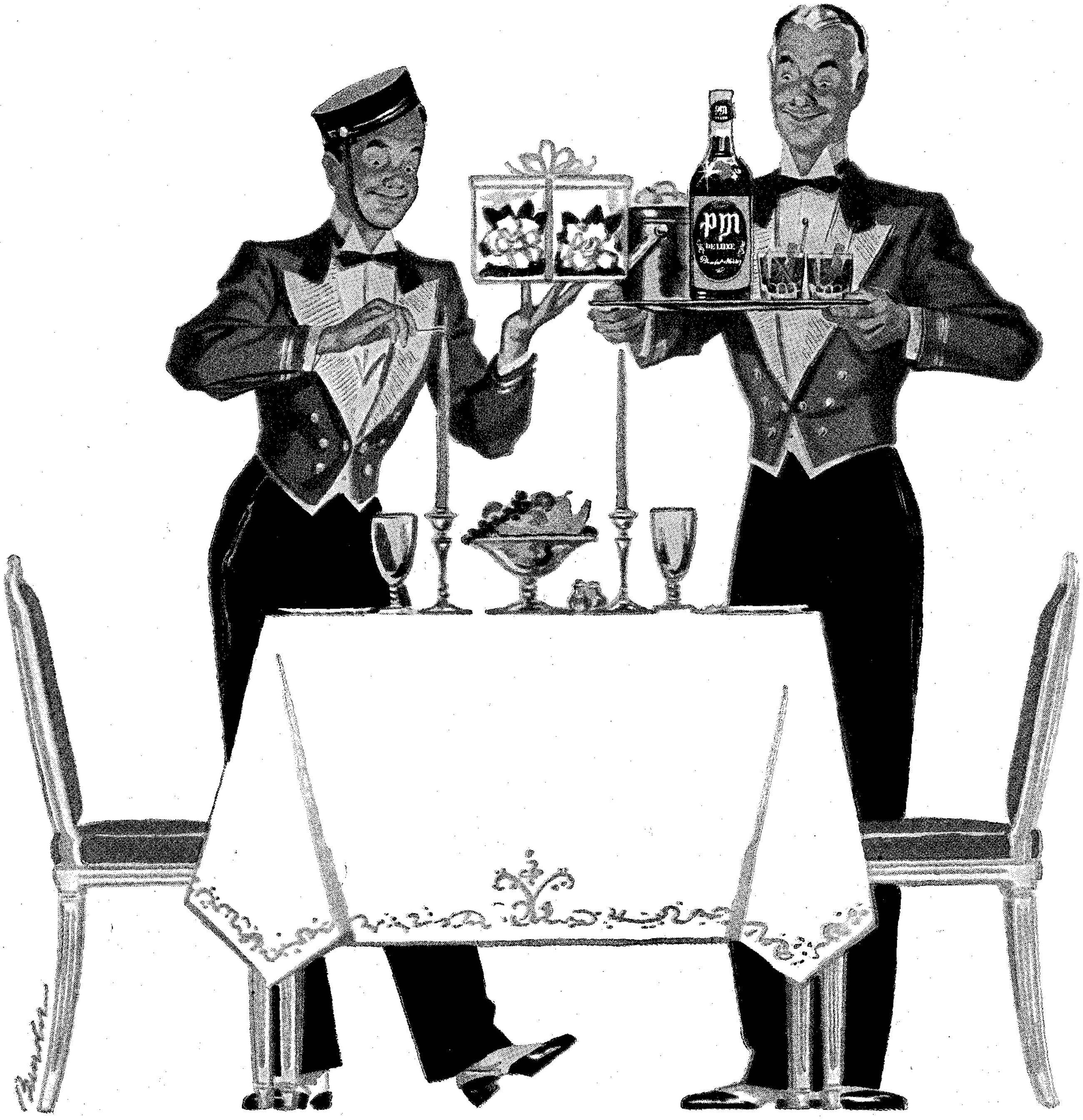
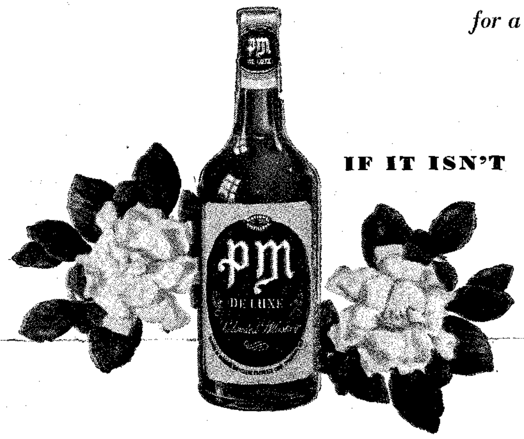


FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Says Patrick to Michael,
"Here's whiskey so smooth it's the top o' the evenin'!"
PM de Luxe! . . . served with gardenias du jour . . .
Now to light up the candles and call in the guests
for a mellow Old-Fashioned good time!



IF IT ISN'T **PM** **IT ISN'T AN EVENING**

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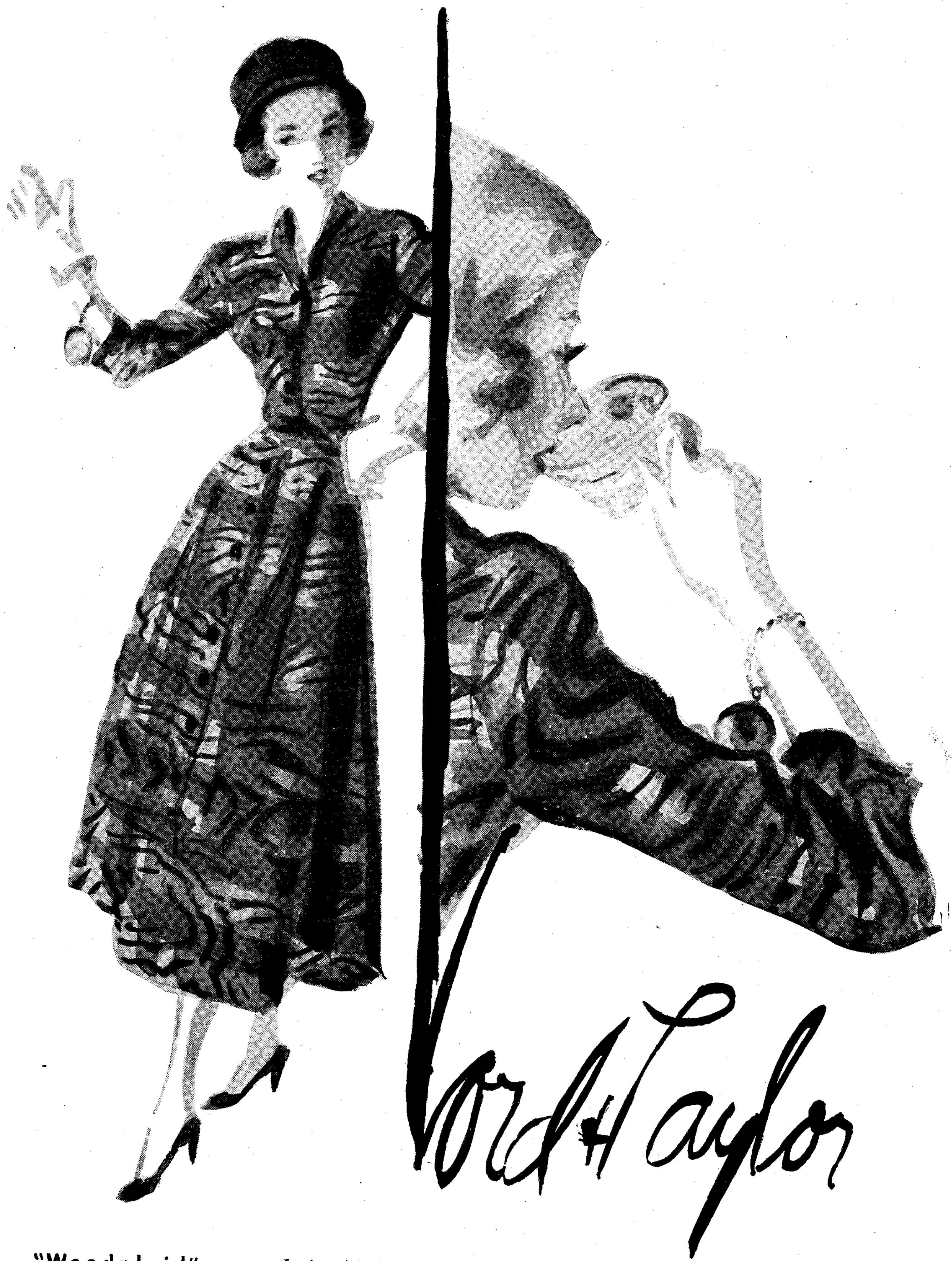
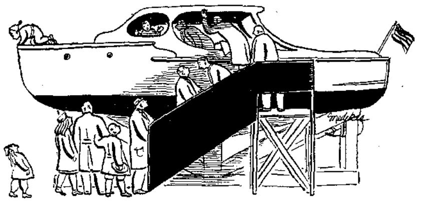


"**Woodplaid**"—one of the Milliken prints on sheer wool, in a dress designed by Mildred Orrick. Ours alone, 79.95 From a sports collection in these unusual printed worsteds, Fifth Floor.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Antony and Cleopatra—Katharine Cornell is very regal and spirited, if not, perhaps, quite as abandoned as she might be, in this excellent revival. Godfrey Tearle makes a fine, touching Antony, and there are other effective performances, by Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, and Ivan Simpson. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Command Decision—A taut and expert drama having to do with our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Crime and Punishment—Rodney Ackland has captured all Dostoevski's gloom but not much else in this dramatization of the novel. John Gielgud, Lillian Gish, and Dolly Haas head the enormous cast, which has been directed by Theodore Komisarjevsky. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

For Love or Money—June Lockhart's unusual charm does a great deal to alleviate a pretty mechanical play. With John Loder, Vicki Cummings, Paula Trueman, and Mark O'Daniels. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—An adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and an exciting play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent at the head of a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Man and Superman—It's probably no news these days that women chase men, but Maurice Evans has given this Shaw play devoted to the subject a very nice production. He also stars in it, and is aided by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Medea—Judith Anderson is overpowering as the bloodiest heroine in literature. Robinson Jeffers did the "free adaptation," and in the supporting cast are Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The New York City Theatre Company—José Ferrer, Richard Whorf, John Carradine, Paula Laurence, Phyllis Hill, and Le Roi Operti are the ringleaders in a high-spirited low-comedy assault on Ben Jonson's "Volpone." This new repertory company also plans to present "Angel Street," starting on Thursday, Jan. 22. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' new play about a woman's disintegration is better than "The Glass Menagerie" and by far the best thing to appear this season. Jessica Tandy gives a lovely performance in the leading role, and Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter assist her superbly. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Winslow Boy—Except for a little interpolated romance, this Terence Rattigan play, based on a famous British trial, is most satisfactory. The cast, imported from England by John C. Wilson and the Theatre Guild, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—Something to do with the reformation of a sissy at a children's summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **happy birthday:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **john loves mary:** About the soldier who comes home to marry the Senator's daughter. With William Prince and Nina Foch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Harvest of Years—A play by DeWitt Bodeen, with Esther Dale, Leona Maricle, and Russell Hardie. Produced and directed by Arthur J. Beckhard, with a setting designed by Raymond Sovey. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Power Without Glory—A play by Michael Clayton Hutton, with an English cast, including Marjorie Rhodes, Peter Murray, and Hilary Liddell. Produced by John C. Wilson and the Messrs. Shubert, and directed by Chloe Gibson. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Strange Bedfellows—Joan Tetzel, John Archer, Carl Benton Reid, and Nydia Westman in a comedy by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Directed by Benno Schneider and produced by Philip A. Waxman. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—A play with music, and two jokes, about the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' score is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, Kathryn Lee, Muriel O'Malley, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Paul and Grace Hartman have six very funny numbers in this revue, but the rest of the program is fairly discouraging. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—This excellent company, which includes Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, makes the old favorites seem just as nice as ever. "Iolanthe" will run through Saturday, Jan. 17, followed by a week of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Cox and Box." (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Some nonsense dealing with the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men, turned into a highly agreeable evening by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Music in My Heart—Tschaikowsky's emotional life was certainly never as dull as it is made to seem here. His music, however, is occasionally well represented, and Martha Wright and Charles Fredericks are a lot better than their lines. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **brigadoon:** Fanciful doings in a Scottish village. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **finian's rainbow:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oklahoma!:** In saecula saeculorum. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it would be a good idea to investigate further before going to the theatre.)

Make Mine Manhattan—A musical revue with a score by Richard Lewine and sketches and lyrics by Arnold B. Horwitt. The cast includes David Burns, Sid Caesar, and Sheila Bond. Directed by Hassard Short and produced by Joseph M. Hyman. Opens Thursday, Jan. 15. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30;

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 43
BOOKS 72
THE CURRENT CINEMA 54
MUSICAL EVENTS 61
OF ALL THINGS 71
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
ABOUT THE HOUSE 56
THE RACE TRACK 69
THE THEATRE 40

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 48, January 17, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippine Is., Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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CONTENTS 8 OZS.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

opening-night curtain at 8:10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Men We Marry—Shirley Booth, Neil Hamilton, and Doris Dalton in a comedy by Elisabeth Cobb and Herschel Williams. Directed by Martin Manulis and produced by Edgar F. Luckenbach. Donald Oenslager designed the setting. Opens Friday, Jan. 16. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Survivors—Louis Calhern, Hume Cronyn, and Richard Basehart in a play by Peter Viertel and Irwin Shaw. Produced by Bernard Hart and Martin Gabel, and directed by Mr. Gabel. The settings are by Boris Aronson. Opens Monday, Jan. 19. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

American National Theatre and Academy Benefit—A lot of well-known theatrical people running through celebrated scenes from their celebrated shows. Among them will be Helen Hayes, in the Balmoral castle scene from "Victoria Regina;" Libby Holman, singing "Body and Soul" from "Three's a Crowd;" John Gielgud, in a soliloquy from "Hamlet;" and Willie Howard, in the old "Rigoletto" wheeze. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Sunday evening, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Ruth Draper—These sketches may not appeal to everybody, but they are as sharply observant and as stylishly performed as they ever were. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Friday, Jan. 23.)

Ice Shows—Sonja Henie and her company. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Sundays, starting Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30. Matinée Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "Icetime of 1948," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre—"Sleeping Beauty." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday morning, Jan. 24, at 10:30. For tickets, call EN 2-6984.)

Children's World Theatre—"Little Red Riding Hood." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday afternoons, Jan. 17 and 24, and Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 2:30. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

Movies—Films of interest to children are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.) . . . ¶ The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the orchestra of Lary Siry, one of Park Avenue's earliest and most prominent settlers. A rumba band, too.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Russ Morgan's staff of musicians and singers play and act up all evening in the lofty Bowman Room.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Fifty violins, working their way through an old Victor Red Seal catalogue, plus the satiric dances of Mata and Hari and the dance music of Billy Banks' band to keep you awake.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—As much of a fixture in Ivy League curricula as the Senior Prom, and often a dead ringer for it.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's cheerful orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—It all goes to show what a decorator can do with ten million dollars. Peter Walters is at the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra plays for dancing afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A musical-comedy adaptation of "Vanity Fair." Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room offers a placid show at dinner and supper. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing all evening. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Hildegarde, applying her version of jet propulsion to the ringside customers. Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras. . . . ¶ In the new Rendez-Vous Room (a very handsome period piece), high-style dining to the dance music of Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's decorous orchestra during dinner in the Oval Room; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Iridium Room, Ted Straeter's ballroom dance music and Johnny Guarnieri's Fifty-second Street dance music—a nice combination. Also, Mary Raye and Naldi, dancing at dinner and supper. . . . ¶ The Maisonette has two dance orchestras, and (through Saturday, Jan. 17) the love songs of Nype and Coté. A new show starts Monday, Jan. 19.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A *jeunesse-dorée* dancing class that operates until all hours. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing on Sunday afternoons.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, about as impressive a torch singer as we'll ever hear, will make her New York night-club début on Friday, Jan. 16. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will keep on providing their customary satisfying dance music.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Saturday, Jan. 17, Carlos Ramirez and his Latin-American songs in the Sert Room at suppertime, and dancing all evening to the neat orchestras of Nat Brandwynne and Mischa Borr. On Monday, Jan. 19, Victor Borge will replace Señor Ramirez and Emil Coleman will replace Mr. Brandwynne. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Cy Walter plays intricate piano after nine o'clock, and Les Crosley does the honors at cocktails and dinner. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing in this comfortable nook. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A sumptuous setting for, after eight-thirty, the piano music of Les Crosley. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Rose Murphy plays the piano and sings in her pleasantly undisciplined style; Dorothy Jarnac dances in her very disciplined style; and the customers dance any way they please to Ed Hall's orchestra and Cliff Jackson's piano. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' circumspect piano music. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the implausible starlight, Earl Fox plays the piano after ten-thirty. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A nice roomful of desultory piano music, which is by Alex Fogarty after nine. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Everything to remind the clientele of the blithe twenties—the perky cigarette girl, the gypsy musicians, the piano background (Louis Hawkins).The Sonny Kendis Trio will replace Louis Hawkins on Monday, Jan. 19. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Teatime and dinner dance music by the Debonairs. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An old-timer still going strong. Jacques Thaler rambles along at the piano after nine-thirty. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Russian homespun merriment, executed with great bounce, together with Western Hemisphere dance music. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American tumult.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): The usual big, sprawling strawberry picnic, greatly cheered up by Ed Wynn. Jane Pickens is also around. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): If you have friends in court, you can sit within earshot of Gertrude Niesen and eyeshot of some remarkably lush showgirls. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(*Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.*)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The cerebral humor of Leonard Elliott and Irma Jurist, the rambunctious humor of Kaye Ballard, and the bright songs of Amanda Lane and Herb Jeffries. The Ellis Larkin Trio helps out here and there. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The best moments are provided by Maxine Sullivan, still at her sotto-voce best. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Josephine Premice, a merry little parakeet full of Haitian jive; Louise Howard in an impressionistic mood; the Max Kaminsky Trio in a red-hot one. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy and her ageless songs of complaint. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Hope Emerson singing about man's injustice to woman.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, the stormy petrel of the trumpet, along with Joe Sullivan, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other top-grade performers. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, when other students of the art drop in to take a hand. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Freddie Ohms, Pee Wee Russell, and their colleagues, in a blustery mood. Sunday afternoon is visitors' hour here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio, which can set up quite a hue and cry; a jam session every Sunday afternoon. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's new septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, sprinkling Childs' familiar hot griddle cakes with hot harmonics. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The circular bar looks more like home now that Joe Marsala's band, which has Adele Girard at the harp, is backing up the barkeeps once again. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835): Sarah Vaughan, delighting her following with her special way of singing; Meade Lux Lewis playing boogie-woogie piano. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Lucky Thompson's band is the main event here.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Eddy Howard's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Erwin Kent's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

CONSTANTINE ABANAVAS—Paintings on Biblical themes, severely stylized but effective. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 22.)

GEORGES BRAQUE—Paintings, most of them from the nineteen-thirties and some of them newly brought over from France. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

BRITISH—Drawings and water colors by Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, and other contemporary artists. (Dix, 760 Madison Ave., at 65th St.; through Feb. 7.)

GEORGE CONSTANT—This prolific and versatile artist's new show is devoted to blocky abstractions. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St., through Jan. 20.)

JO DAVIDSON—A retrospective show of nearly two hundred portrait busts. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 1.)

EARLY AMERICAN—Paintings, mostly portraits, by Peale, Copley, Trumbull, Stuart, and other eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century artists. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

ANGNA ENTERS—A show, both new and retrospective, of the dancer's ingenuous water colors, oils, and drawings. (Newhouse, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

JIMMY ERNST—New abstractions, continuing, with considerable success, this artist's attempts to express jazz in terms of painting. (Laurel, 48 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Simple, quiet landscapes and figure pieces. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 17.)

EUROPEAN—Modern paintings and sculptures, in a show that mingles, quite interestingly, well-known figures with some that are less so. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

KARL FORTESS—A touch of Surrealism in a set of paintings that are as smart in execution as they are gloomy in theme. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Jan. 17.)

DAVID FREDENTHAL—Vigorous, if occasionally clumsy, paintings of wartime subjects. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 17.)

FRENCH—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A satisfying show of drawings by nineteenth-century artists, including Renoir, Ingres, and van Gogh; through Jan. 17. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings, never shown here before, by Bombois, Dufy, and others; through Jan. 15.

FRANK DI GIOIA—New York's Little Italy, painted in an animated style, which may remind you somewhat of Rowlandson. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

GROUPS—At the **SALPETER**, 128 E. 56th St.: Otto Botto, Theodore Fried, and others; through Jan. 17. . . . **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.: Earl Kerkam, Ralph Rosenborg, and others; through Jan. 23.

CARL HOLTY—Recent abstractions, cooler in color and less two-dimensional than his previous work. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

EDWARD HOPPER—First showing in some years of oils, both new and less recent, by a man who, in his quiet, representational way, outdoes many Surrealists in mood suggestion. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Jan. 31.)

NORMAN LEIBOVITCH—Oils by a young Canadian, notable for their delicacy of texture as well as of feeling. (Norlyst, 59 W. 56th St.; through Jan. 17.)

JOHN MARIN—Cape Split and other Maine-coast subjects, together with some ventures inland, in water colors and oils. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Jan. 31.)

HANS MOLLER—Flatly painted abstractions, many of them distinguished by an understated humor. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 26.)

NICOLAS MUZENIC—A first one-man show of abstractions that show a knowing sense of color and pattern. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Jan. 24.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—New oils, often religious in theme, that are constructed with both dignity and solidity. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

JACKSON POLLOCK—One of the leading symbolic Expressionists shows new paintings, wilder and also more vigorous than most. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 23.)

KARL PRIEBE—A new collection of this artist's airy fantasies. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Jan. 31.)

ESTHER G. ROLICK—A young Expressionist with a forthright and frequently strident manner of her own. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

HAROLD ROTENBERG—Paris scenes, treated without gaiety and with a rather heavy hand. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 17.)

MAX SPIVAK—Competent, unemotional abstract paintings. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

DOROTHEA TANNING—Surrealist canvases that are generally well worked out, though some of their references seem obscure or trivial. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW—Paintings from his Paris period of 1925 to 1933, many of them never shown here before. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

STOW WENGENROTH—A retrospective show by the prominent lithographer. (Kennedy, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St.; through Feb. 1.)

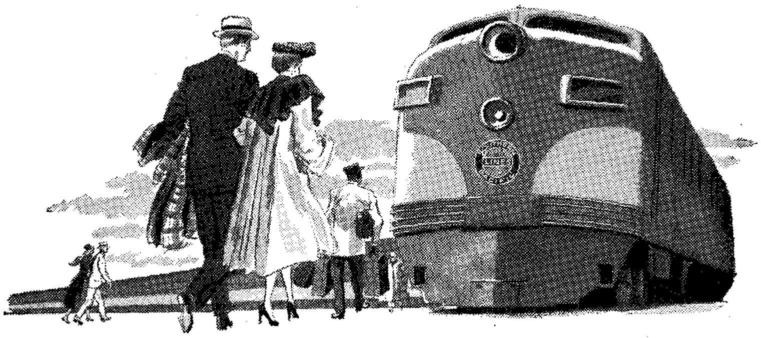
SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57th St.: Cyrus Wood Thomas; through Jan. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Henry Schnakenberg; through Jan. 31. . . . **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Gregorio Prestopino; through Jan. 31. . . . **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St.: The annual La Tausca exhibition; through Feb. 1.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of medieval, Renaissance, and modern French tapestries, lent by the French government; through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Prints by Japanese artists of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ A collection of nineteenth-century American glass; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and sculptures acquired by the Museum during the past year; through March 21. . . . ¶ Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs in a retrospective display of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect; through Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1947 Annual of Contemporary American Paintings, rather mixed as to both style and



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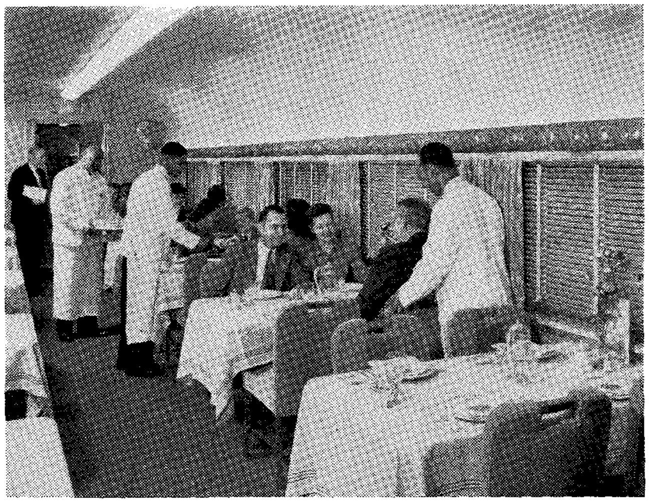
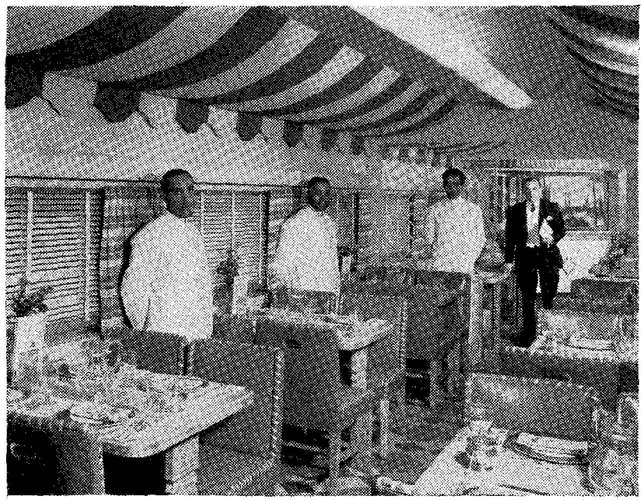
45 HOURS—CHICAGO ★ LOS ANGELES VIA SOUTHERN ARIZONA



Colors **from the Desert** were borrowed for the sumptuous dining cars on the *New Golden State.* Varied designs and furnishings distinguish each. Golden yellow seat coverings and linen contrast with turquoise floor and ceiling of this car. Note copper frieze and ancient devil masks.



The Gaiety **of Mexico** awaits you in this informal "Fiesta Car" open to all passengers. The bar was inspired by a fountain in a quaint Mexican patio. The tables and comfortably upholstered chairs are made of hand-carved oak. Brightly colored canopy adds to patio effect.

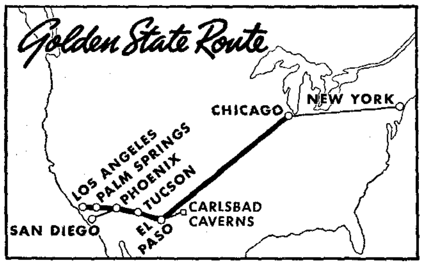
Rock Island and Southern Pacific are placing a *New Golden State* in service—a finer, faster, extra fare daily streamliner to Southern Arizona and Southern California—starting January 4.

The *New Golden State* gives you a swift, smooth-gliding ride between Chicago and Los Angeles. Its diesel power carries you effortlessly over the low-altitude Golden State Route—through El Paso, Tucson, Phoenix and Palm Springs—to the Coast in only 45 hours.

The *New Golden State* is a handsome train. Its exterior is brilliantly finished in red and silver. The rich colorings and fine handicrafts of the Southwest and Mexico inspired the design and interior decoration of many of its new cars. (Two of these, the "Fiesta Car" and a dining car, are shown at the left.)

Five complete trains are required to provide daily service. All Pullman sleeping cars are modern, streamlined and light weight, with a complete variety of accommodations...sections, roomettes, bedrooms, compartments and drawing rooms. All the coaches are streamlined, light weight reclining chair cars. The dining cars are all streamlined. So are most of the coffee shop-lounge cars provided for coach passengers. The lounge cars are fine, modern cars, built for high speed use, but like the few coffee shop-lounge cars that are not streamlined, will be replaced as soon as additional cars are received from the equipment manufacturers.

The Route of the *New Golden State* provides the only main line train service to Tucson, Phoenix and Palm Springs. We invite you to ride this fine train on your next trip west—to the Southern Arizona and Southern California ranch and resort country, or to Los Angeles. We think you'll agree that our pride in the train is justified.



This map *shows the Route of the* New Golden State—*the direct, low-altitude way between Chicago, the midwest and Los Angeles.*

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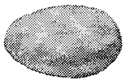
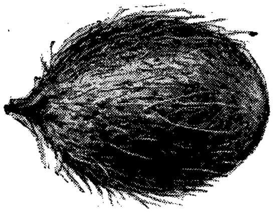
this is an egg

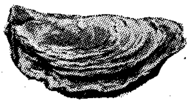


—one of nature's prize packages



this is a cocoanut—another example of superb, natural packaging

this is an oyster



—ever think what a fine package it makes?

...and **this is your**

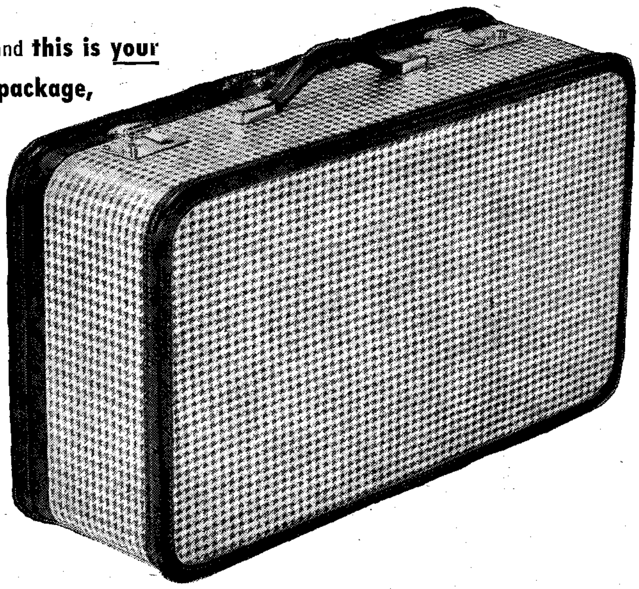
personal package,

the luggage

you carry.

how does it

measure up?



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quality, but a lively show nevertheless. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 25.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 15, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Polyna Stoska, Torsten Ralf, and Joel Berglund.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Lucielle Browning, James Melton, and John Brownlee.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 17, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 17, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Daniza Ilitsch, Risë Stevens, Richard Tucker, and Francesco Valentino.... ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 19, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Wednesday matinée, Jan. 21, at 1: "Siegfried," with Helen Traubel and Set Svanholm.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Stella Roman and Francesco Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Licia Albanese and Kurt Baum; a benefit for St. Barnabas House. For tickets, call RH 4-5377.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 22, at 8: "The Magic Flute," with Eleanor Steber, Mimi Benzell, and Charles Kullman.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23, at 8:30: "Tosca," with Pia Tassinari and Ferruccio Tagliavini.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24, at 2: "Die Walküre," with Rose Bampton, Helen Traubel, and Lauritz Melchior.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Regina Resnik, Bidu Sayao, and Ezio Pinza; a benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund. For tickets, call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, Jan. 15, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Jan. 16, at 2:30 (both with Kathleen Ferrier, mezzo-soprano, and Set Svanholm, tenor).... ¶ Walter Hendl conducting and as piano soloist: Saturday evening, Jan. 17, at 8:45.... ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 3 (with Kathleen Ferrier and Set Svanholm); Thursday evening, Jan. 22, at 8:45; and Friday afternoon, Jan. 23, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin).... ¶ Walter Hendl conducting: Saturday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:45 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:30.... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 17, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—George Szell conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas K. Scherman conducting, with Joseph Szigeti, violin. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Schola Cantorum—Hugh Ross directing, with Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo pianists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Maggie Teyte—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Walter Hautzig—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Concertante—Michel Nazzi conducting this chamber group. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:45.)

Martial Singher—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 3.)

Edith Gordon—Soprano. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—The Budapest Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 5:30.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sun-

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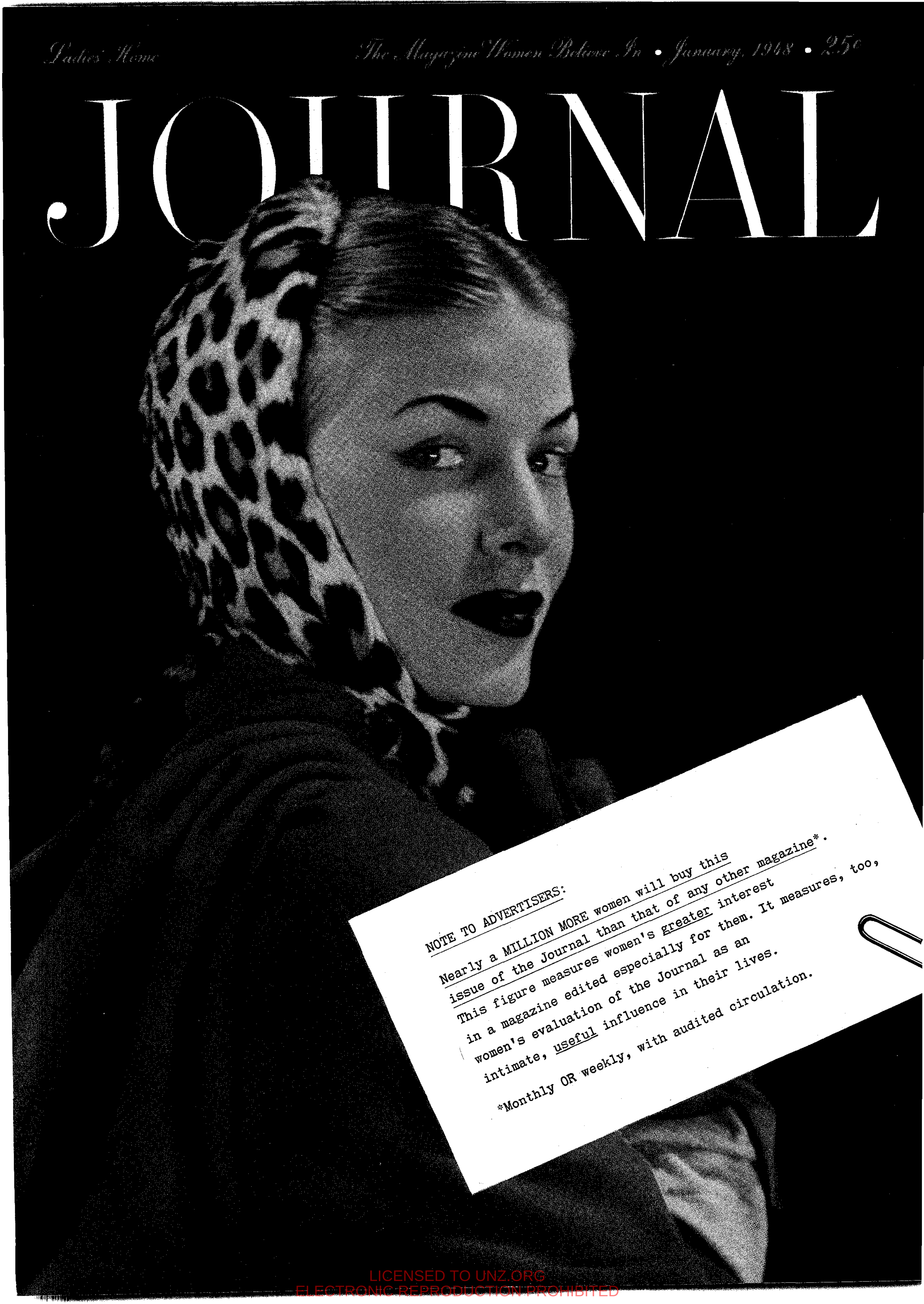

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JOURNAL

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day evening, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Sunday evening, Jan. 18, at 8:40.)

Alexander Uninsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—Chamber music. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Monday evening, Jan. 19, at 8:45.)

Budapest Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Monday evening, Jan. 19, and Wednesday evening, Jan. 21, at 8:40.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Frederick Jagel—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Frank Sheridan—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 24, at 3.)

Jascha Spivakovsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 24, at 2:30.)

Robert Goldsand—In the second of three piano recitals. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 24, at 5:30.)

Pascal Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:15.)

Efrem Zimbalist—Violin. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Saturday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:40.)

Note—The Budapest Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 20, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Ella Fitzgerald, and Illinois Jacquet and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 17, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Tony Janiro vs. Lavern Roach, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 16. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

College Basketball—Thursday, Jan. 15: St. John's vs. De Paul, and N.Y.U. vs. North Carolina. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 20: N.Y.U. vs. Colgate, and L.I.U. vs. West Kentucky. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Hockey—Sunday, Jan. 18: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 21: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, Jan. 17: Jockey Hollow vs. Ramapo (a match in the Metropolitan High-Goal Polo League Tournament), and another match, to be announced. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24: N.Y.A.C. vs. Squadron A Falcons (a Tournament match), and another match, to be announced. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Snow Trains—Every Friday evening when snow conditions warrant, a special train will leave Grand Central at 7:05 for Manchester and Rutland, Vt. The return trip gets to New York Sunday night at 11:30.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; about fifty can attend the open meetings of the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early in the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from

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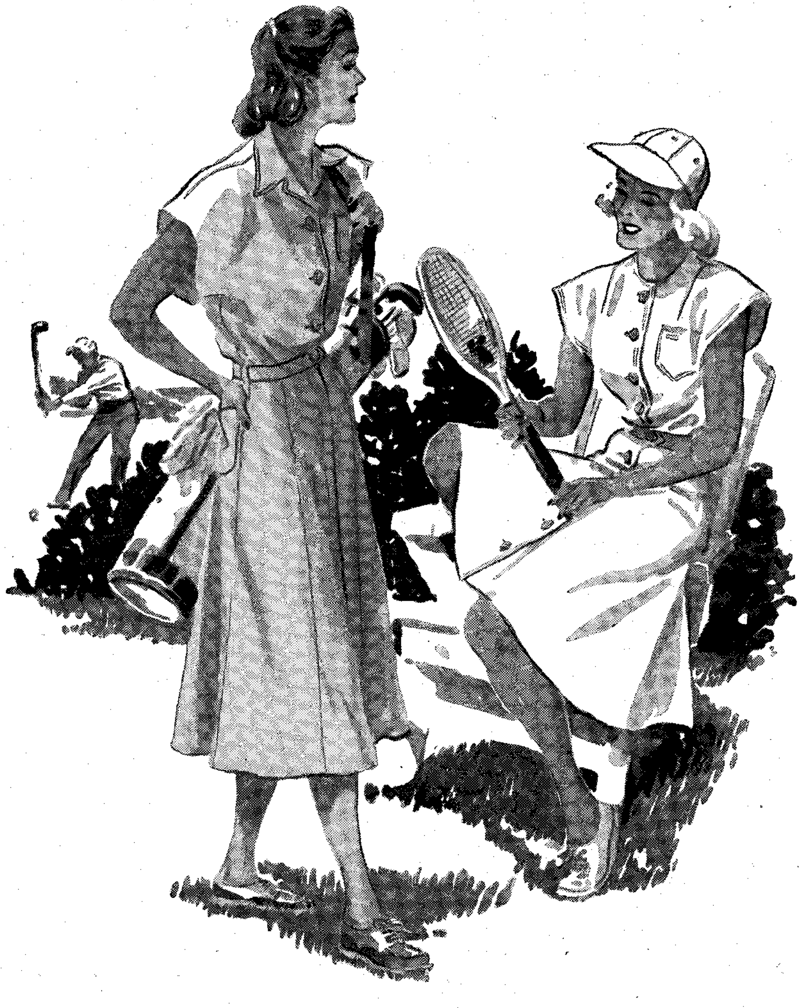

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is "A Trip to Mars." (*Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and* 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of Bibles in various forms, languages, and editions, including papyrus, Gutenberg, illuminated manuscript, and American Indian. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"From the Neck Up," an exhibition of hats, earrings, masks, nose plugs, and innumerable other furbelows of this kind that man—or, more likely, woman—has thought of. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Well, you know the Motor Boat Show: dinghies, outboard racers, marine engines, and all the other appurtenances of nautical life to keep seafarers happy until the spring thaw. This year, there are twenty-eight sailboats in the array, which may possibly indicate a certain lack of technological confidence. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Through Saturday, Jan. 17, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Chinese and Japanese carvings, porcelains, and other objects of art, owned by Irving Miller and another private collector. (Auction, Thursday, Jan. 15, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, collected by the late Clara Hill Lindley and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, Jan. 15, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Japanese prints, collected by the late Carl Schraubstadter. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 15-17, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 19-20, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ First editions of eighteenth-century English authors, from the library of Herbert L. Carlebach. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 15-17, and Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 19-20, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ Paintings by European artists, including Raeburn, Francis Cotes, and Lucas Cranach, owned by Dr. Silvain S. Brunschwig and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Jan. 17, and Monday through Thursday, Jan. 19-22, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8 P.M.)

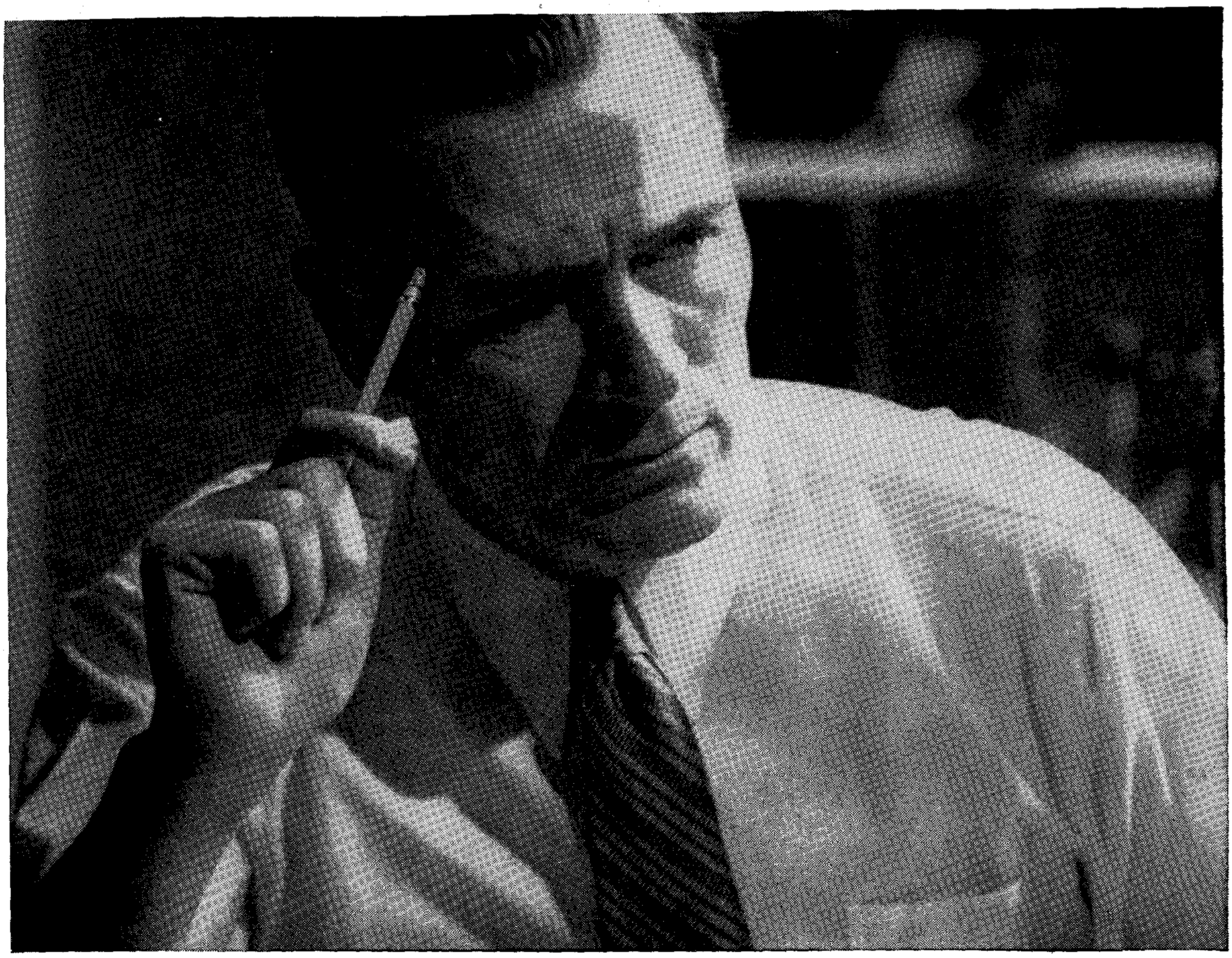
ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings is broadcast Mondays through Fridays at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC, and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Robert Merrill, Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Ernest Ansermet conducting, Saturday, Jan. 17, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, George Szell conducting, Saturday, Jan. 17, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ London Symphony, Clarence Raybould conducting, Sunday, Jan. 18, at 5 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ Juilliard Orchestra, Edgar Schenkman conducting, Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Fritz Kreisler, violin, Monday, Jan. 19, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Rudolf Firkusny, piano, Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 1:15 P.M., WJZ.

TELEVISION—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Boxing: Tony Janiro vs. Lavern Roach, Friday, Jan. 16; preliminaries start at 8:40 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Toronto, Sunday, Jan. 18, and Rangers vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Jan. 21, both at 8:25 P.M., WCBS.



When does a man start slipping?

The moment comes to every man.

The moment when he realizes that he isn't the man he used to be . . .

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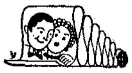
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Fugitive—Dudley Nichols wrote the screen play for this version of Graham Greene's novel "The Labyrinthine Ways," and John Ford directed it, but out of the highly promising collaboration has come more sound than substance. As a priest harried by an anticlerical government in Latin America, Henry Fonda is something less than persuasive, and the rest of the cast never manages to do much better. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attack on anti-Semitism, which too often offers homilies instead of solid dramatic stuff but is, nevertheless, a short step in the right direction. Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire are in the cast. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349.)

I Know Where I'm Going—In this British-made comedy, Wendy Hiller is stormbound in a Scottish hamlet for three days, long enough to fall in love with Roger Livesey, who breezes about in kilts. The direction is deft, the acting agreeable, and the scenery magnificent, so you probably won't mind the silly plot. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—Dudley Nichols' all too literal translation of the O'Neill melodrama to the screen. It's a ponderous and lengthy film, which never quite works up the kind of extravagant excitement generated by the play. With Katina Paxinou, Rosalind Russell, and Michael Redgrave. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740. Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and Sundays at 2, 5:15, and 8:30 P.M.)

Nicholas Nickleby—A brisk, entertaining English adaptation of the Dickens novel, handsomely mounted and superbly enacted by a large cast, which is headed by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, Bernard Miles, and Alfred Drayton. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Jan. 16.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Danny Kaye romping through a confused version of the James Thurber story and often being pretty funny about it. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 21.)

Shoe-Shine—A restrained and memorable tragedy of street children in postwar Rome. In Italian. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

Tawny Pipit—A gently humorous English film having to do with the hardships of keeping a pair of extremely rare birds safe and contented while they nest outside an English village. The piece includes a lot of comical ornithologists and a proper quota of good-hearted rural idiots, and it manages to be whimsical without being sticky. Bernard Miles heads the cast. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 16.)

To Live in Peace—An Italian film that recounts the adventures of an Italian peasant who shields a pair of G.I.s (one of them colored) from the Nazis. Simple, moving, and distinguished by masterly acting. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Volpone—Ben Jonson's comedy about a miser, done to a hilarious turn by a French cast headed by Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet. The adaptation was made by Jules Romains and Stefan Zweig, and it would be hard to improve upon it. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Jan. 21.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly nonsense cooked up by Noel Coward. An English picture, with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 16-19.)

A Cage of Nightingales (1947)—A French story of a schoolteacher who transforms a gang of juvenile hoodlums into lyrical cherubs. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 20.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 15.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—Life in a working girls' home. In French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 20.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 16-19.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; tentative, through Jan. 21.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers playing Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 18-19.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Jan. 17-19.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Jan. 16.)

Love on the Dole (1945)—The troubles of the unemployed in an English mill town. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. A British film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 15.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 15.)

Ninotchka (1939)—The Garbo Comedy. With Melvyn Douglas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; tentative, starting Jan. 17.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. A British film. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Jan. 19-20. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Jan. 20.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. An English picture, with Charles Laughton. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Jan. 21.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 16-19.)

A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Jan. 18-20. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; Jan. 19-20.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Jan. 19-20. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Jan. 20.)

A Walk in the Sun (1946)—The war as the infantry fought it in Italy. Dana Andrews. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Jan. 16.)

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Bishop's Wife," Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Jan. 21: "High Wall," Robert Taylor, Audrey Totter.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through Jan. 20: "The Senator Was Indiscreet," William Powell, Ella Raines, Peter Lind Hayes.
From Jan. 21 (tentative): "T-Men," Dennis O'Keefe.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Body and Soul," Lilli Palmer, John Garfield.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Women in the Night," Tala Birell.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Paradine Case," Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, Charles Laughton, Ethel Barrymore.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Tycoon," John Wayne, Laraine Day, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Judith Anderson.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Jan. 20: "Where There's Life," Bob Hope, Signe Hasso.
From Jan. 21: "I Walk Alone," Lizabeth Scott, Burt Lancaster.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Captain from Castile," Tyrone Power, Jean Peters.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"An Ideal Husband," Paulette Goddard, Michael Wilding.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Jan. 20: "The Swordsman," Larry Parks, Ellen Drew; and "Her Husband's Affairs," Lucille Ball, Franchot Tone.
From Jan. 21: "Good News," June Allyson, Peter Lawford; and "Murder in Reverse," revival, William Hartnell.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"My Wild Irish Rose," Dennis Morgan, Andrea King.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
THE FUGITIVE.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"The Voice of the Turtle," Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, Eve Arden.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Secret Beyond the Door," Joan Bennett, Michael Redgrave.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS, revival; "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, Jean Cocteau film; and "Lot in Sodom," revival, short Surrealist film.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"The Eternal Return" (in French), another Cocteau piece.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Jan. 16: **NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.**
From Jan. 17 (tentative): **NINOTCHKA**, revival.

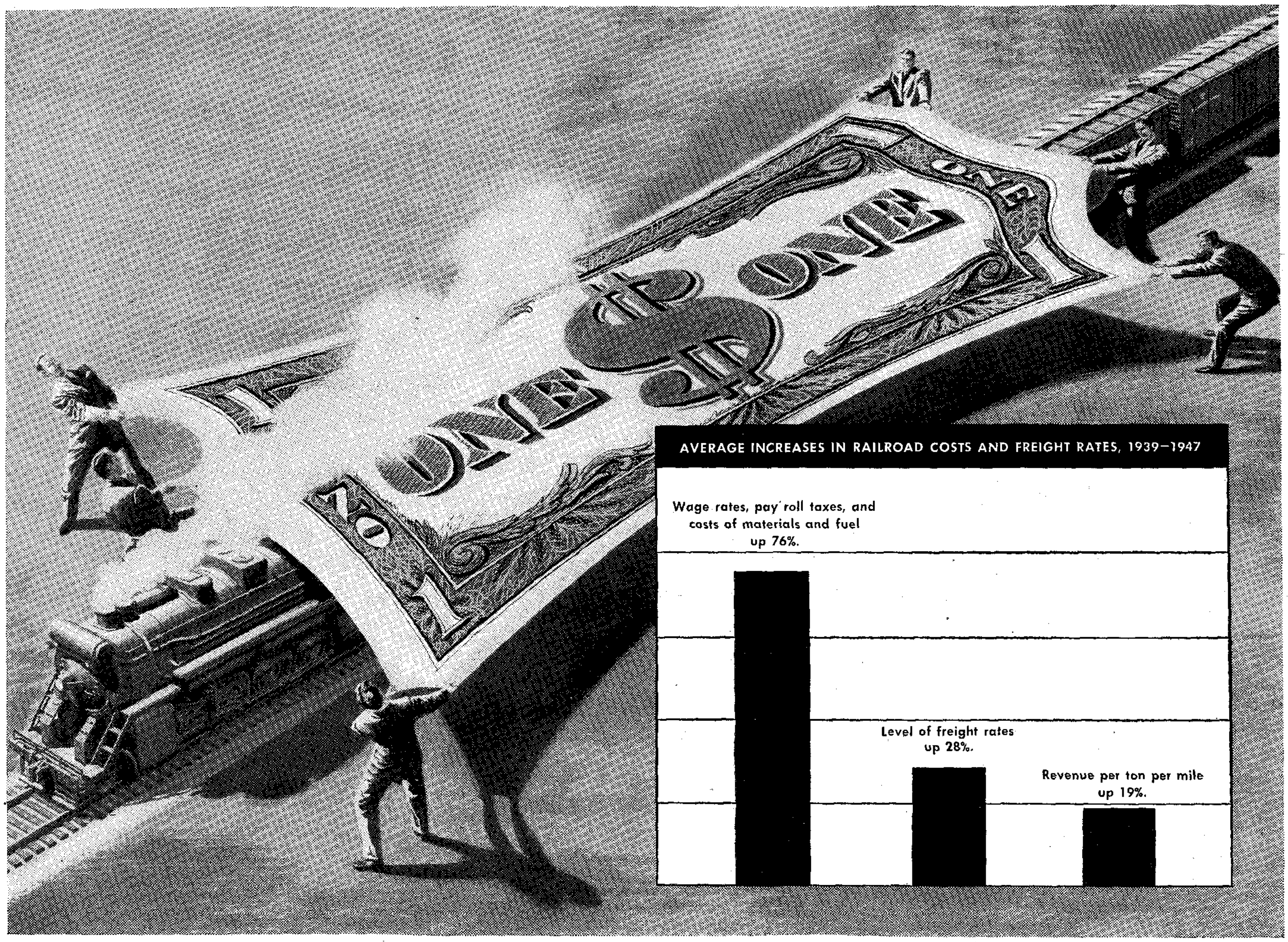
Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Through Jan. 21 (tentative): **HENRY V**, revival.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Panic" (in French), Viviane Romance.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TO LIVE IN PEACE.

The Railroads' Dollar can't stretch any further, *either!*



● In 1947 the railroads hauled—for you—more tons of freight more miles than ever before in time of peace. They actually moved more carloads than in the peak year of the war.

The dollars you paid the railroads for this service have had to do a lot of stretching, trying to cover increased wages, higher prices, more taxes—and to leave enough of a return on the money now invested in railroads to attract the further investment necessary to provide still better facilities.

With the greatest peacetime traffic in history, the railroads earned in 1947 only a little more than half the return they need to attract this investment.

Why? Because since 1939 railroad wage rates and pay roll taxes—and the prices of fuel and materials—had gone up almost three times as much as the prices railroads are permitted to charge.

But with faith in the future, railroads are going ahead with their postwar improvement plans. They are buying all the new freight and passenger cars, all the rail, all of many other essential items they can get.

Everybody looks forward to the better service of the future — but *tomorrow's* railroads depend upon *today's* earnings.

To make sure that railroads keep abreast of the nation's needs, they must be permitted to charge prices in line with the cost of providing their essential services.

Association of American Railroads

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

TRAVEL COAT . . . small-scale tweed by Forstmann, in contrast to the wide-flung silhouette. Brown, with white or gold. Sizes 10 to 16, at 89.95. Altman coats, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE

EAST ORANGE
WHITE PLAINS
MANHASSET

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

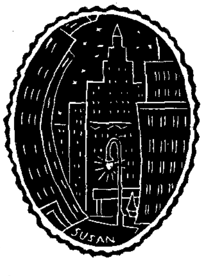
Notes and Comment

IT is perhaps worth recording the different ways candidates groom themselves for a Presidential race. Each entry has his own peculiar technique. One gives himself a workout as the head of a large university. Another takes a job as czar of a conquered empire. Another spends his spare moments milking cows and complaining about the failure of his corn. Another assumes the editorship of a weekly magazine and then chucks it when the battle is joined. Another designs a south porch. Another writes a book and appears on "Information Please." And so on—each man grooming himself, readying himself; no two of them using the same kind of rub; each eager, attentive, nervous, articulate. Already the clockers are in the stands, timing the workouts.

"THERE is no liberal view," sighed the *Herald Tribune* as the old year died, "no really self-consistent and logical body of principle and policy." It was a doleful thought, and the old year drew a few more tortured breaths and expired.

Ever since Thanksgiving, the *Herald Tribune* has been rassling with the theme of liberalism, and there have been mornings when the struggle resembled an old-fashioned rassling match with the Devil. The *Tribune's* feeling about the independent liberal seems to be that he comes from a good family but has taken to hanging around pool halls. His instability, his shallow charm, his unpredictable movements, his dissolute companions, all have been the subject of speculation recently in the *Tribune's* pages, and the word that was finally trotted out to describe his fate was the word "bankrupt." Even this word, however, seemed vaguely to trouble the *Tribune*, which does not in theory approve of any sort of American insolvency, even liberal insolvency. Clearly, a dilemma. The *Tribune* met it boldly by explaining that the liberal's work was done, his victory complete, and that henceforth the "conventional party structure" would be happy to carry the whole load and take care of the situation without any help. Its editorial paid tribute to the deep moral roots of nineteenth-century liberalism and the classic insurgencies, and traced the course of liberal history from the Jefferson revolt right down to the year 1933, at which point the editorialist gulped, hawked, and spat out.

THE *Tribune's* estimate of the independent liberal sounds to us a bit on the romantic side, a bit too full of the great tradition, not quite catching the essence of liberalism. The value of the liberal in the republic is not that he is logical but that he is inquisitive. At the moment, the liberal's desperate position and his dead life seem to us neither as desperate nor as dead as the *H.T.* has been making out. There are still a good many free men around who don't think that the liberal's work is done. (They would like to, but it isn't that easy.) The independent liberal, whether walking by his wild lone or running with a pack, is an essential ingredient in the two-party system in America—as strange and as vital as the trace elements in our soil. He gives the system its fluidity, its benign inconsistency, and (in cahoots with the major political organizations) its indisputable grace. We have never believed that the independent liberal had a priority on liberal thought, or a corner on the market; he merely lives in a semi-detached house and goes out without his rubbers. The *Tribune* itself has turned in such a good liberal performance lately in its news columns that its editorial shudders have seemed all the more strange. After all, it was the *Trib* that handed over ten columns last Sunday to William Z. Foster, who has seldom needed more than twenty-five words to hang himself in and this time did it in two flat, when he described legislative debates as "ridiculous talkfests."



THE liberal holds that he is true to the republic when he is true to himself. (It may not be as cozy an attitude as it sounds.) He greets with enthusiasm the fact of the journey, as a dog greets a man's invitation to take a walk. And he acts in the dog's way, too, swinging wide, racing ahead, doubling back, covering many miles of territory that the man never traverses, all in the spirit of inquiry and the zest for truth. He leaves a crazy trail, but he ranges far beyond the genteel old party he walks with and he is usually in a better position to discover a skunk. The dog often influences the course the man takes, on his long walk; for sometimes a dog runs into something in nature so arresting that not even a man can quite ignore it, and the man deviates—a clear victim of the liberal intent in his dumb companion. When the two of them get home and flop down, it is the liberal—the wide-ranging dog—who is covered with burdocks and with information of a special sort on out-of-the-way places. Often ineffective in direct political action, he is the opposite of the professional revolutionary, for, unlike the latter, he never feels he knows where the truth lies, but is full of rich memories of places he has glimpsed it in. He is, on the whole, more optimistic than the revolutionary, or even than the Republican in a good year.

THE *Tribune* may be right that there is no liberal "view." But the question is whether there is still a liberal spirit. In these melancholy days of Hooper and Gallup, when it is the vogue to belittle the thought in the individual and to glorify the thought in the crowd, one can only wonder. We think the spirit is there all right but it is taking a beating from all sides. Where *does* a liberal look these days? Mr. Truman has just suggested a forty-dollar bonus for all good taxpayers, Mr. Wallace has started calling people "ordinary" and man "common," and the *Herald Tribune* has liberalism on the mat, squeezing it in the kidneys. Your true liberal is on a spot, but it isn't the first time. Two dollars says it isn't going to be the last time. We'd make it five dollars except for all this talk of bankruptcy.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a rather mystifying sign in the window of a shop on Tenth Avenue near Forty-second:

Singing Canaries	$13.75
Canaries Guaranteed to Sing	$9.00

Security

THE guards at United Nations Headquarters have no real police power, and if they should feel the need to arrest anybody, they would have to call on the Lake Success municipal cops. Nor are they armed, despite the appearance of formidableness their blue-gray uniforms give them. To date, they have been obeyed as readily as if they did have power and guns, however, which may be a hopeful omen for the august organization they are a part of. The man in charge of the guards is John Cosgrove, whose title is Acting Chief of the United Nations Security Section, and we've had a talk with him. He was first a lawyer and then, during the war, a Counter-Intelligence operative in the American Army. He joined the United Nations staff twenty-two months ago, now has seventy-six men under him, and regards his lot as a happy one.

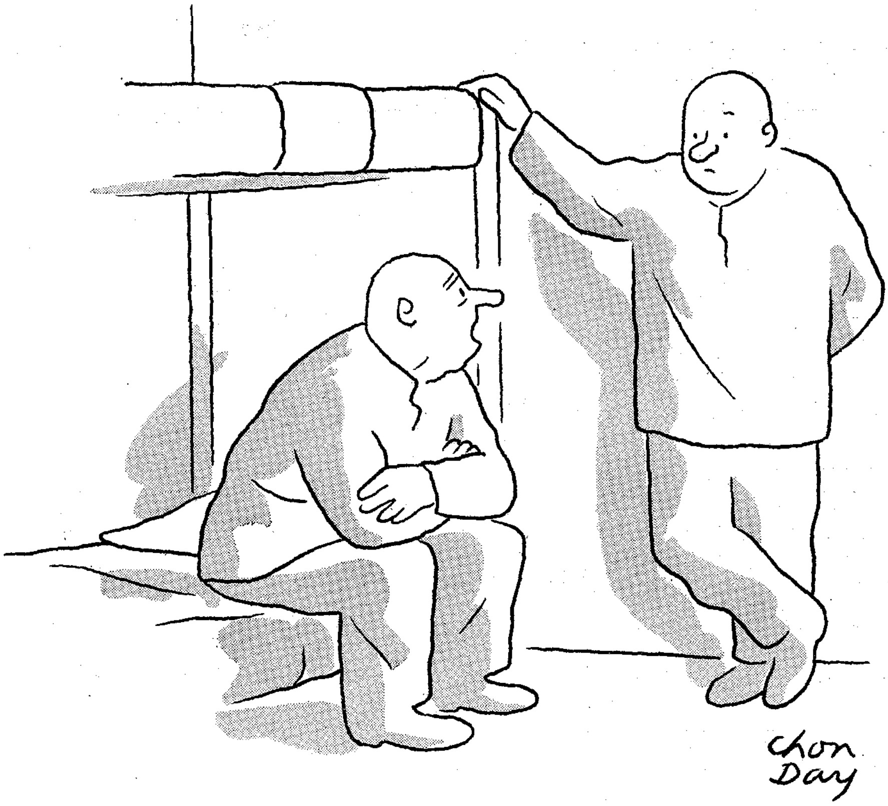
Cosgrove expects his force eventually to become truly international, but at the moment all his men are United States citizens. The unit has more of a cosmopolitan flavor than that suggests, though, for a number of the Americans became such only during the war, by virtue of service in our armed forces. Most of the guards were M.P.s or naval shore patrolmen. Besides dealing with what Cosgrove calls "psychos," of whom we'll say more, the guards are called on to check credentials, give directions to visitors, keep an eye on the grounds by day, patrol the buildings at night, and care for the victims of accidents. They're all first-aid experts, but so far they have ministered only to a few victims of heat prostration, two ladies who took headers on the shiny United Nations floors, and a secretary who cut a finger on a piece of paper.

The most experienced guards are assigned to a twelve-man Conference Squad, which watches over meeting rooms and patiently points out delegates to junketing members of women's clubs, most of whom want to meet Gromyko. One bunch of seven hundred of them went through headquarters a while ago and they *all* wanted to meet Gromyko. The guards have to be always ready to balk souvenir hunters, who generally try first for the national nameplates on the council tables and next for pens and delegates' scratch pads, particularly those bearing significant-looking doodles. Gavels are the supreme trophies of the hunt. Three have disappeared already. Cosgrove's men are also charged with protecting United Nations delegates, but many of the contingents bring along their own strong boys, and during Assembly meetings the Special Service Squad of the New York Police Department assigns men to any delegation that asks for them. In attendance at the recent Assembly meetings were men from Scotland Yard, Soviet secret police, and a Saudi-Arabian bodyguard armed with swords and pistols. It's up to Cosgrove to see that such men are fed and that they don't get to stalking each other by mistake.

Cosgrove has exercised what seems to associates remarkable tact on occasion. One of the first things he did was meet the problem of the sergeants' chevrons—should they point up, as in the American Army, or down, British style? He decided that there would be no chevrons, and ordered a set of shoulder patches reading "Sergeant." He had a few bad moments last summer when seventy Egyptians wanted to parade in the Security Council chamber, but everything ended happily. He thought he might have an ugly scene on his hands and put in his first call for aid to Lake Success Police Headquarters, but by the time the local cops showed up, he'd talked all but four of the demonstrators into going home and the leader of the party was bowed in prayer in the parking lot.

The "psychos" are mainly

harmless eccentrics of the sort that turns up at every place of public interest, and they don't give much trouble. A man came around once with a large suitcase containing rye bread, salami, and a change of linen, and announced that he represented a hundred and forty million people, whose identity he could reveal only to Secretary General Lie. Cosgrove cajoled him into putting his message on paper. A behind-the-times lady asked to be placed under United Nations protection because she was being followed by Nazi agents. Cosgrove told her he would assign an undercover man to shadow the Nazi undercover man, and she went away satisfied. Another lady demanded protection from atomic rays that were shooting in through her windows and endangering her baby's health. By the time Cosgrove got through convincing her that the rays were not harmful but beneficial, he was nearly persuaded himself, and it came as a disappointment to learn that the baby was twenty-three.



"*. . . and then, after it was all over, I learned that the bonds were non-negotiable.*"

Realist

THE mother of a young Brearley girl who keeps a diary gave in to temptation last week and peeked at the chronicle. She got the shock of her mature life when she read a notation about a cocktail party she and her husband had given a couple of days earlier. It included a few details common to such events, then ended, "Daddy acted disgusting and Mother tried to be popular but did not succeed."

MPF

IN VIEW of the current world food shortage, we are pleased to pass along some information about Multi-Purpose Food, a recent American invention whose champions claim that it not merely is of great help in allaying famine but in the long run will revolutionize eating habits all over the world. Multi-Purpose Food, known as MPF for short, is a soybean derivative, and it seems to us to taste fine. What makes it revolutionary is the fact that three cents' worth of it has about the same nutritional value as a meal of beef, green peas, a small potato, and milk. What it is thought should make it worldwide is its low price, the ease with which it can be produced, and the fact that it violates no religious or vegetarian taboos. Soy can be grown in practically any place that has long, hot summers. England, we're sorry to say, is out of luck—not enough sun. The rest of Europe is O.K., and so are much of Asia and Africa.

MPF was devised by Dr. Henry Boorsook, a professor of biochemistry at the California Institute of Technology, in 1944, with the aid of research grants from the California Dehydrators' Association and a philanthropic California restaurateur named Clifford Clinton. As soon as it was perfected, Clinton set up the Meals for Millions Foundation, a non-profit organization, which has its headquarters in Los Angeles and an office here at 119 East Nineteenth Street. Since July, 1946, the Foundation has allocated some five million meals of MPF to thirty-two relief agencies, and these, in turn, have distributed them in twenty-one foreign countries. No patents have been taken out on MPF, and it is not being exploited commercially. While the Foundation is chiefly interested in sending MPF to famine-stricken areas overseas, it is willing to sell the stuff to anybody who takes the trouble to go to the Nineteenth Street office, and we are told that a good many local people, among them social workers and gourmets, are experimenting with it.

Domestic consumers get MPF in a ten-meal can (one and a quarter pounds), for thirty cents, or in a thirty-six-meal can (four and a half pounds), for a dollar and eight cents. For relief-agency use, it comes in a thirty-pound can, which provides up to two hundred and forty meals. MPF is approximately sixty-eight per cent soy grits, which is what's left of the bean after the oil has been extracted. To this, as the label on every can clearly states, have been added onion powder, protein derivative, food yeast, artificial seasoning, salt, herbs, spices, minerals, and vitamins. MPF is high in protein. It is too low in calories to serve as an exclusive diet, and it lacks Vitamin C, the anti-scorbutic vitamin, which can't withstand cooking. It is intended to supplement a low-income or starvation diet, not take its place, and can be eaten not only straight but mixed with meat, fish cakes, and vegetables, and included in soup. As it comes out of the can, it's a coarse, light-yellow meal. To be eaten alone, it is boiled in water for ten minutes. In its cooked state, it has the consistency of Pablum but, thank goodness, doesn't taste like it.

To date, the American Friends Service Committee has distributed some two million meals of MPF in Japan alone. It came as no surprise to the Japs, because they've been using soy in one form or another for thousands of years. (They gave Perry some soy seeds to bring home in 1854.) In China, the soybean was described at length in a materia medica drawn up over five thousand years ago. The Meals for Millions Foundation, therefore, didn't have to make up recipes for Orientals. One of the first recipes worked out here for backward Occidentals was tested at the City College cafeteria a few weeks ago. The dish was originally billed as MPF meat loaf, but when it failed to thicken up properly, the name was changed to MPF hash. Almost everybody liked it.

Change

AN enterprising free-lance eavesdropper has provided us with the following snatch of conversation, which he caught as it passed between two amiable women on a Sixth Avenue bus the other morning:

"He wears his bathrobe now, you know."

"Yeah! How come?"

Joy Boy

EVERYBODY knows about Taft of the Taft-Hartley Act, but nobody knows much of anything about Hartley except that he's a Representative from New Jersey, and to remedy this odd lack we recently sent a man across the river for some facts. It seems that the main reason Hartley is something of a mystery is that while his career in Congress has been a fairly long one, it has also been fairly imperceptible, and it is probable that even Taft hadn't heard much about him until last April. At that time, the House passed the so-called Hartley Labor-Management Relations Bill, which had emanated from the House Committee on Education and Labor. It was far more restrictive of labor than the Taft Bill, its opposite number in the Senate, which passed that body in May. When members of the Senate and House got together to reconcile the measures, the House conferrees made most of the concessions, so as the Act now stands it is largely Taft's, or at any rate the Senate's. It is customary for a committee chairman to introduce a bill that is drawn up in his committee, and Hartley was chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor, as Taft was chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. Hence, the Taft-Hartley Act. Hartley and Taft don't room together, and they didn't sit down together and write the bill, or anything like that.

The only other piece of legislation that bears Hartley's name is the Hartley Law, passed in 1934, which created a boxing commission for the District of Columbia. Our man reports that Hartley has sandy hair that is beginning to go gray at the temples and a blond mustache that is barely detectable at a range of five feet, wears silver-rimmed spectacles, smokes cigars, and was born on Washington's Birthday, 1903, in Harrison, New Jersey. Up to last June, when he sold his home in Kearny and took up permanent residence on his farm, Shady Brook, in Hunterdon County, eight miles from Clinton, he had spent his life in the same voting district. For such a quiet legislator, Hartley, whose full name is Fred Allan Hartley, Jr., had an extraordinarily active youth. He entered Rutgers when he was fifteen and earned letters in basketball, baseball, and football. Later, he played semi-pro baseball, pro basketball, and pro soccer football, boxed as a welterweight amateur, won the 1926 New Jersey handball singles, and gave exhibitions of his skill at shuffleboard, blindfolded; an assistant called out the position of the discs. He still keeps in trim but has eased up some since 1944, when he broke two ribs working out with a professional wrestler in the gymnasium of his Washington hotel.

Hartley has also had a varied musical career. As a child, he sang soprano solos in the choirs of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and Trinity Church, and recorded several numbers for the old Thomas A. Edison Company, of which he recalls particularly "Ave Maria" and "O Lord, Be Merciful." He also recorded, in a lighter vein, "June-time" and "I Hear a Thrush at Eve." At Rutgers, he organized a jazz band, in which he was pianist and leader. Later, he sang tenor in a quartet known as the Hartley Joy Boys, which, in the twenties, filled a spot on Station WAAM for forty-eight consecutive weeks. Nowadays, Hartley sings only at political rallies, where he can't avoid it.

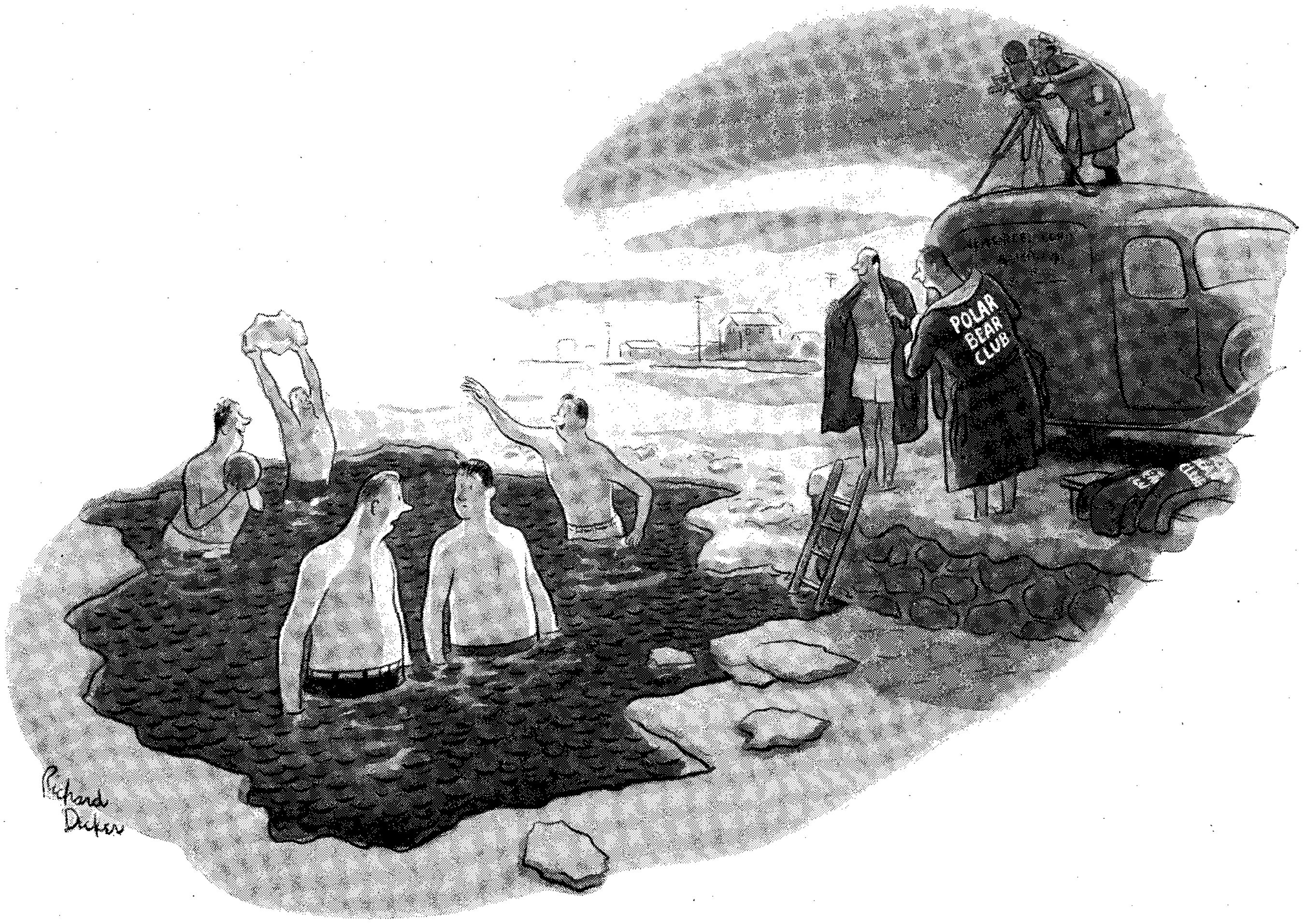
Hartley left Rutgers when he was seventeen and married a Kearny girl named Hazel Roemer. The Hartleys now have three children and one grandchild. Hartley ran for his first elective post at the age of twenty-two, nosing out his uncle and another man in a three-cornered race for councilman of the First Ward in Kearny. This victory made him the youngest councilman in the state. At the time, he was working for the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He has been in politics ever since. He ran for Congress in 1928 and became the youngest man ever to be elected to that body. (He'd entered the race a couple of weeks before he was twenty-five, the minimum age set by the Constitution.) During his 1942 campaign for reëlection, his opponents pointed out that he'd voted against the draft law, lend-lease, the extension of the draft law, and the arming of American merchant ships, and the Newark *Star-Ledger* stated that he was not only an isolationist but a comfort to the Bund. Hartley sued for $125,000, charging libel, and was awarded $24,000 damages. The verdict was appealed and was upheld by the New Jersey Supreme Court, but in 1946 the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals ordered a new trial, which is still pending.

Old Love

A MATRON who lives in London Terrace reports to us that one of the janitors, an elderly but nimble Englishman, has a small face tattooed high on his chest, plainly visible in the open V at the throat of his uniform. The lady became so curious about it that she stopped him in the hall and asked if the tattoo was intended to be a portrait of someone. The man blushed and looked away but finally got up his courage. "Hit's Queen Victoria, Ma'am," he said. "Considered a very good likeness."

Symbolic

THAT persistent American dream, the Cape Cod cottage, complete to red blinds, breezeway, rustic cedar fence, and dinette, has turned up at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, on the empty lot where the old Goelet house used to stand. We've been to see the cottage, and we pronounce it cute, echoing the sentiments of the seventeen women who commented on it thus while, on our way in, we were leaning over the front fence looking for daffodils. Funny thing—no daffodils. We *did* spot a shiny new Plymouth in the garage alongside the house, however, and that so encouraged us that we went briskly up the walk and stood in line to make a tour of the premises. A sign outside the door announced that we were entering Adoption Cottage, admission ten cents, and for a moment we had an uneasy feeling that we might be getting more involved than we'd intended to. We certainly didn't want to come out with a baby. Once inside, we introduced ourself to Miss Roberta Andrews, field secretary of the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service, who put our fears to rest. The cottage, she said, is being exhibited to raise money for a building-and-expansion program the Service is undertaking. When the exhibit closes, the house and all its contents are to be given



"I think I'm getting the sniffles."

• •

away to someone who has taken a chance on them. "We don't like to use the word raffle," Miss Andrews said, glancing apprehensively through the window.

Miss Andrews then took us on a quick tour of the house, whose most startling feature, for a Cape Cod cottage, is a radiant-heating system, installed by the United States Rubber Company. "The heat comes from rubber panels in the ceiling," Miss Andrews said. "It's all done by electricity. I don't understand it, but it keeps it lovely and warm in here. They call it Uskon, and I don't understand that, either." A party of middle-aged tourists were nesting down in the kitchen when we got there, all of them greedily eying a Paragon electric dishwasher. "I think it's adorable," one matron said at last, after what had evidently been a long search for *le mot juste*. On a maple sideboard in the dinette were two copies of a book entitled "Adopting a Child," and in one of the two bedrooms was an empty bassinet, and some books in a hanging bookshelf. "The bassinet is symbolic of our work," Miss Andrews pointed out, "and the books are just intellectual. Dickens, and things like that. They came from Scribner's." From where we stood, we could see that one of the books was "The Scarab Murder Case," and on a dresser we noted the enigmatic presence of a midnight-blue Homburg, a pair of gloves, and a briefcase. "What do you mean, expansion attic?" a man behind us snarled, and a woman, apparently his wife, answered quietly, "It means it can expand—maybe not expand the way you mean expand, but you can put two bedrooms and a bathroom up there someday. *If* we win the house."

As we made our way slowly back to the front door, Miss Andrews informed us that the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service is thirty-seven years old, is one of the six recognized adoption agencies in the city, and has never, of course, dealt in the black market for babies. From a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five babies are adopted through the agency every year, which works out to one for every eight or ten couples that apply. "Much easier to have your own," Miss Andrews said. She told us that the name of the real parents is never revealed to the foster parents. The agency provides the foster parents with a full dossier on the family background, however, and encourages them to pass on its pleasanter aspects to the child. We asked if many mothers still abandon babies on doorsteps. "Very seldom," Miss Andrews said. "They come right to Spence-Chapin." As we stepped outside, we found an old gentleman poking at the sills with his cane. "Prefabricated, eh?" he demanded, catching sight of us. "Well, *I* can't see where it comes apart. Looks to me as if it were here to stay." He stormed crossly up the Avenue in the direction of the Knickerbocker Club, brandishing his cane.

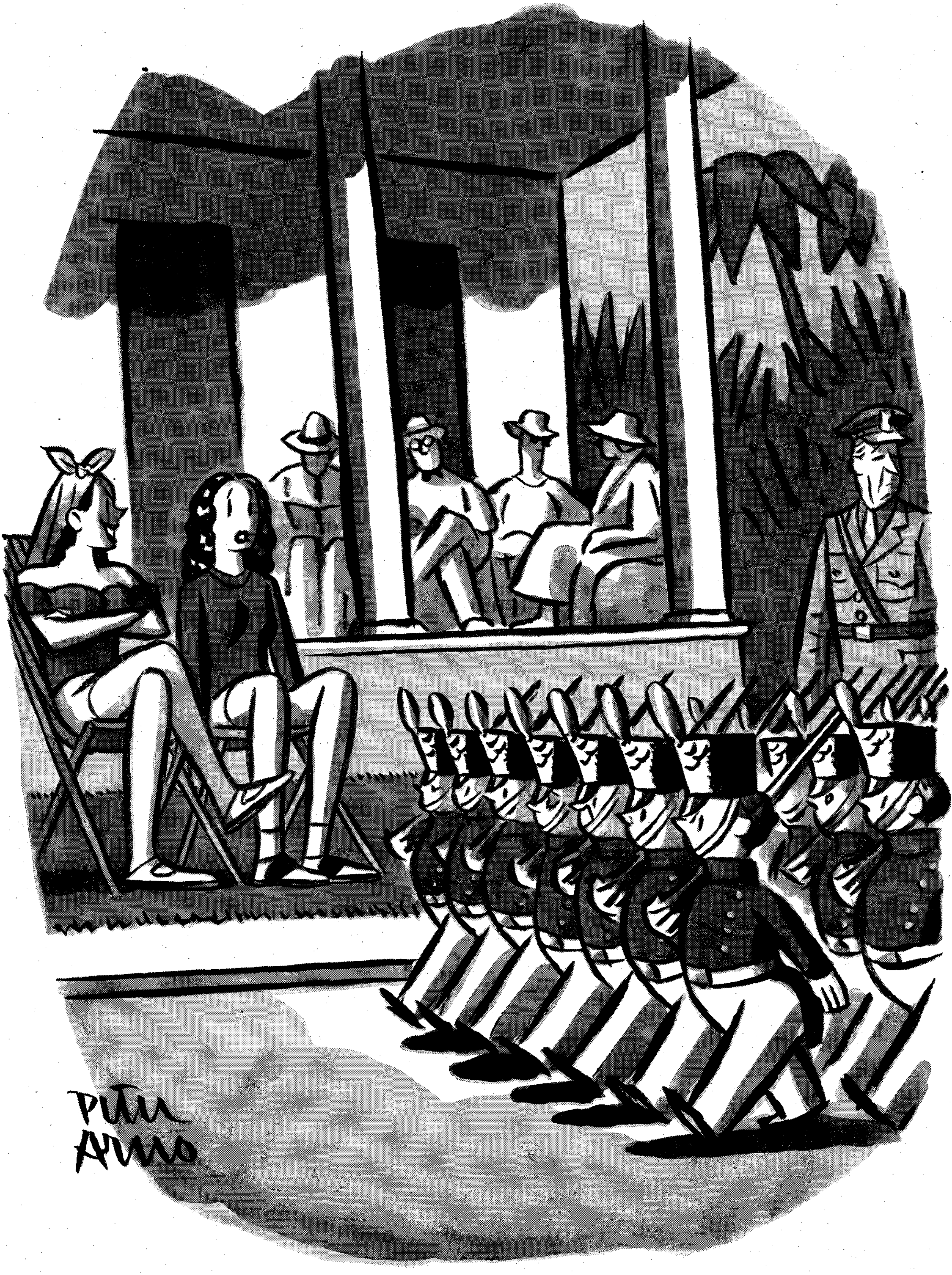
Demoralization

A MAN who checked out of a hotel in St. Louis and forgot his scarf wrote the management about it and, a few days later, received the following letter:

> DEAR MR. B——:
>
> In accordance with your instructions, we have forwarded to you, by parcel post, the scarf which you lost.
>
> After a thorough investigation and a careful search, we regret that the scarf has not been found.
>
> We hope in meanwhile it may have turned up elsewhere.
>
> Cordially yours,
> HOTEL JEFFERSON

The next day, the scarf arrived.

Things may be disintegrating faster than anyone realizes.



"Well, there's your 'nearby military academy.'"

LOVE STORY

THE secrets of the female heart have engaged authors both sacred and profane since the 3 A.M. of history, but the result of all their labor seems to be indistinguishable from nil. I have no theory about the story that follows. It will suffice to state the bald and baffling facts, which have to do with an ex-policeman named Charlie and his wife Irene—a sweet and juicy name, and one so ancient that it was borne by a Byzantine empress who died in the year 803. But the Irene I speak of was very far from an empress; her trade, in truth, was the humble one of chorister and hoofer in a Class D honky-tonk that flourished in Gay Street, Baltimore, at the turn of the century.

The place was patronized mainly by third mates, fourth engineers, and other such obscure and lonely strangers from the ships tied up at the nearby docks, and when they came ashore they liked entertainment of a rather unbuttoned type. Thus Irene and her colleagues flung themselves about their little stage in a violent and even abandoned manner, and in the intervals of their cavorting they came down on the floor and drank with the trade. The standard price for a straight whiskey in such places at the time was ten cents, but when a girl asked for one her customer was billed fifteen, and the bartender gave her ginger ale. This was good *Geschäft*, and the waiter always slipped her a brass check with her drink, redeemable at the bar for five cents cash.

Charlie met Irene in the course of his official duties. He came in one night looking for a ship's cook wanted for homicide in Cartagena, and lingered long enough for a couple of drinks. It could not have been the whiskey that fetched him, for the policemen of those days often drank much worse, and it is hard to believe that it was Irene's beauty, for she was squatty in figure, and her hair and complexion fell a good deal short of the fetching. But whatever the psychology of it, Charlie fell for her in the manner of an ox hit with an axe, and the next night he returned and began begging her to marry him.

Irene held him off for a week or so, for she had a couple of brothers who were wayward and apparently feared that taking a cop into the family might produce some uncomfortable crossing of wires. But she consented at last, and the proprietor of the honky-tonk staged a betrothal party after 1 A.M., when such places had to close. The party rapidly became febrile, and by the time two o'clock was struck by the City Hall bell, a block away, all hands were far gone in gaiety, and especially Charlie. When his sergeant burst in at two-thirty and announced a raid, Charlie's old-style helmet was on Irene's head, his badge adorned her bosom, and his belt, espantoon, chewing tobacco, handcuffs, and other equipment were being bandied about by the other revellers. Next morning the Police Board broke him, and he and Irene, after they left the trial room, went to a sailors' bethel near the honky-tonk and were married by a former lush-roller who had got salvation and taken holy orders.

Before the end of the day, Charlie had a job as bouncer in another honky-tonk, but Irene, having seen him fall once, was fearful that he might fall again, so she soon persuaded him to abandon bouncing for a more sanitary post in a feed warehouse. They rented one of the little houses that then abounded in Baltimore, paying nine dollars a month, and it was presently reported by the cops that they were ecstatically happy—in fact, a pair of lovebirds. Irene turned out to be an excellent plain cook, and despite Charlie's heavy work in the feed warehouse he put on weight. Soon he bought her a phonograph, then a novelty in the world, and thereafter he spent almost every evening at his own fireside, sitting by the latrobe stove in his stocking feet and listening to "A Hot Time in the Old Town," "Break the News to Mother," "Two Little Girls in Blue," and the other semi-classics of the time.

SO month chased month and there came winter. One sleety morning, Charlie awoke with a pain in his chest and by noon he had a chill. Irene plied him with all the home remedies then in esteem, including mustard plasters fore and aft, but he grew steadily worse and next day she sent for a neighborhood doctor. The doctor's diagnosis was pneumonia in its most venomous form, and after a two-day hit-or-miss tour through the pharmacopeia, he threw up his hands and ordered Charlie to the Johns Hopkins Hospital. For three months following, the young internes there had a circus with him, for he developed every complication known to pathology. Finally, he came so close to Heaven that they asked Irene for permission for an autopsy. Concluding in alarm that they were about to give him *quant. suff.* from the black bottle, she dragged him home at once, and there, under her soft ministrations, he gradually recovered.

But he was too weak to resume his job in the feed warehouse, and the need of money soon became pressing, for Irene, at the time of their marriage, had saved up but a hundred and seventy-five dollars, and all their current revenues above living expenses had gone for furniture, carpets, objects of art, etc. Charlie's five brothers were called into consultation, along with a couple of his more prosperous buddies on the police force, and it was resolved to set him up in a small saloon in a proletarian neighborhood. The cops induced the Scharnhorst brewery to get him a license and supply his fixtures, and before long the brewery's *Totsäufer*, Leopold Bortsch, staged a magnificent grand opening, with at least fifty head of local boozers milling in the little bar, and free beer, whiskey, and even cigars for all comers.

Charlie recovered his strength only slowly, but his new work turned out to be within his powers, and his place soon brought him a neat income. To be sure, most of its trade was in growlers, on which the profit was small, but on hot evenings he sometimes sold two or three hundred of them, and in the early mornings he did a brisk trade with wage slaves on their way to work. No bricklayer in those days would touch a brick until he had got down at least two drams, and there were plasterers, moving men, and other such laborious fellows who needed three or four. Charlie opened the place at six o'clock every morning and remained on duty until 3 P.M., when Irene relieved him for the afternoon lull. At 6 P.M., he returned to stay until midnight, when the law forced him to close. From three to six, he took a nap.

Irene was the perfect wife and helpmeet, full of the most delighted lovey-dovey. She prepared all the free lunch with her own hands, working at it from 9 A.M. to eleven, when it was unveiled. She also washed the windows, scrubbed the floor, and polished the glassware. During the afternoon, as I have said, she relieved Charlie for three hours, and on busy evenings she often lent him a hand. Also she did all the housework in their living quarters upstairs. Their domestic life continued rapturous to a superlative degree. Though their affection precipitated no offspring, they kept on the tenderest terms, and never passed each other, even with a crowd in the bar, without a love tap, a pinch, the pulling of an ear, or the gentle slapping of an arm or backside. Some of Charlie's old colleagues among the cops had predicted gloomily that their marriage would not last, for they believed that Irene would pine for the merriment and glamour of her former public life, but they knew better now, and on their nights off they often went to the little place—it was called Charlie's Cafe, pronounced "kaif"—to do their routine guzzling and admire and envy so affectionate a couple.

Irene, in fact, never showed the slightest itch for her old art and mystery. On the contrary, she pointedly avoided mentioning it, and when the honky-tonk she had adorned was the scene of two murders in three days, and the cops padlocked and effaced it, she professed to approve. Thus matters went for a year, and then Charlie fell ill again. It began this time not suddenly, as before, but with insidious symptoms that mounted only gradually. First there were pains in the legs, then there were spots before the eyes, and finally Charlie began to talk wildly in his sleep and to leap out of bed in a semi-maniacal manner.

When he reached the Johns Hopkins, the young doctors, knowing his profession, naturally diagnosed *mania à potu*, which is to say jimjams, but it soon appeared that there was much more to his illness than that. In the end, the celebrated Dr. William Osler, then at the height of his fame, was persuaded to take a hand, and it was established that there were evidences not only of the aforesaid malady but also of typhoid fever (then epidemic in Baltimore), malaria (also epidemic), gallstones, two or three different kidney diseases, and pleurisy. After Osler thus launched them, the young doctors had at their patient in eight-hour shifts, and more than one of them got enough exercise out of him to shine as a high-toned consultant in the years to come. But Charlie neither died nor got well, and when he was brought home at last he was hobbling on two sticks and fit only for loafing.

This threw a cruel burden of work on poor Irene. While Charlie was in hospital, she had got in a part-time bartender, but he was a psychopath who had to be watched constantly, and what with this watching, her free-lunch activities, her relief bartending, and the nursing of her lord, she now put in a day that ran from 5 A.M. to midnight. Though there was a Sunday-closing law in Baltimore in those days, most saloons in quiet neighborhoods kept their side doors open of an afternoon, but Irene was so exhausted when she rolled into bed at one o'clock on Sunday morning that she turned the key and slept until 6 P.M., with only half a dozen or more interruptions to give Charlie his medicine, stroke his hair, and hold his hands. This cost her some revenue, for Sunday drinkers are immemorially assiduous, but it at least saved her from worrying about the psychopath.

CHARLIE, unhappily, got no better. Instead, he developed several new malaises, none of them fatal but all of them disabling. The young doctors came in from the Johns Hopkins to see him now and then, fascinated by the pathological kaleidoscope that he presented. Whenever a new drug or treatment was announced in the medical journals, they tried it on him, and usually gave him double doses, but he resisted their science in a way that seemed almost stubborn. Finally, one of them, a smart fellow who later built up a practice worth fifty thousand dollars a year, took him on for intensive study and soon declared that the problem was solved at last: what really ailed him, underneath and mingled with all his other ailments, was tuberculosis.

Irene gave a squawk when she heard this news, and even threatened to pass into hysterics, for tuberculosis in those days was still regarded as incurable. The young doctors, however, told her that such was no longer the case: it had been found that mountain air and plenty of fresh milk and eggs would arrest it. There was no mountain air in Baltimore, and the milk and eggs on sale there, especially in proletarian neighborhoods, were both dubious. But the alternative that presented itself was yet worse. Who would take care of the bar if Charlie were shipped to the Himalayas of western Maryland and Irene went along to nurse him and cook for him? And if the bar had to be closed, who would pay the freight?

All these problems were solved by the financial ingenuity and humanitarian libido of Leopold Bortsch, *Totsäufer* for the Scharnhorst brewery. First, he found a locum tenens for Charlie's Cafe, and induced him to pay four dollars a week for the franchise, with the reversion of it in case Charlie were not restored within three years. Second, he rounded up Charlie's five brothers—they were all poor men—and dragooned three of them into forking up a dollar a week apiece. Third, he tackled two rich police sergeants who knew and esteemed Charlie, and nicked them for a dollar-fifty a week apiece.

This counted up to ten dollars—just enough, by Leopold's calculations, to keep the bodies and souls of Charlie and Irene assembled. Nor was this all that he did. Through the agent of the Scharnhorst brewery in Hagerstown, Maryland, he found a two-room house at five dollars a month in the mountains near Pen Mar, and through the same agent he found a Dunkard farmer willing to supply it with milk, eggs, and other provender at least twice a week. Yet more, he arranged for the transportation of Charlie and Irene by rail and farm wagon to their new home, and for the conveyance of enough house furnishings to make them comfortable. Finally, he slipped a twenty-dollar bill into Irene's hand and bade her cherish it as an umbrella for a rainy day.

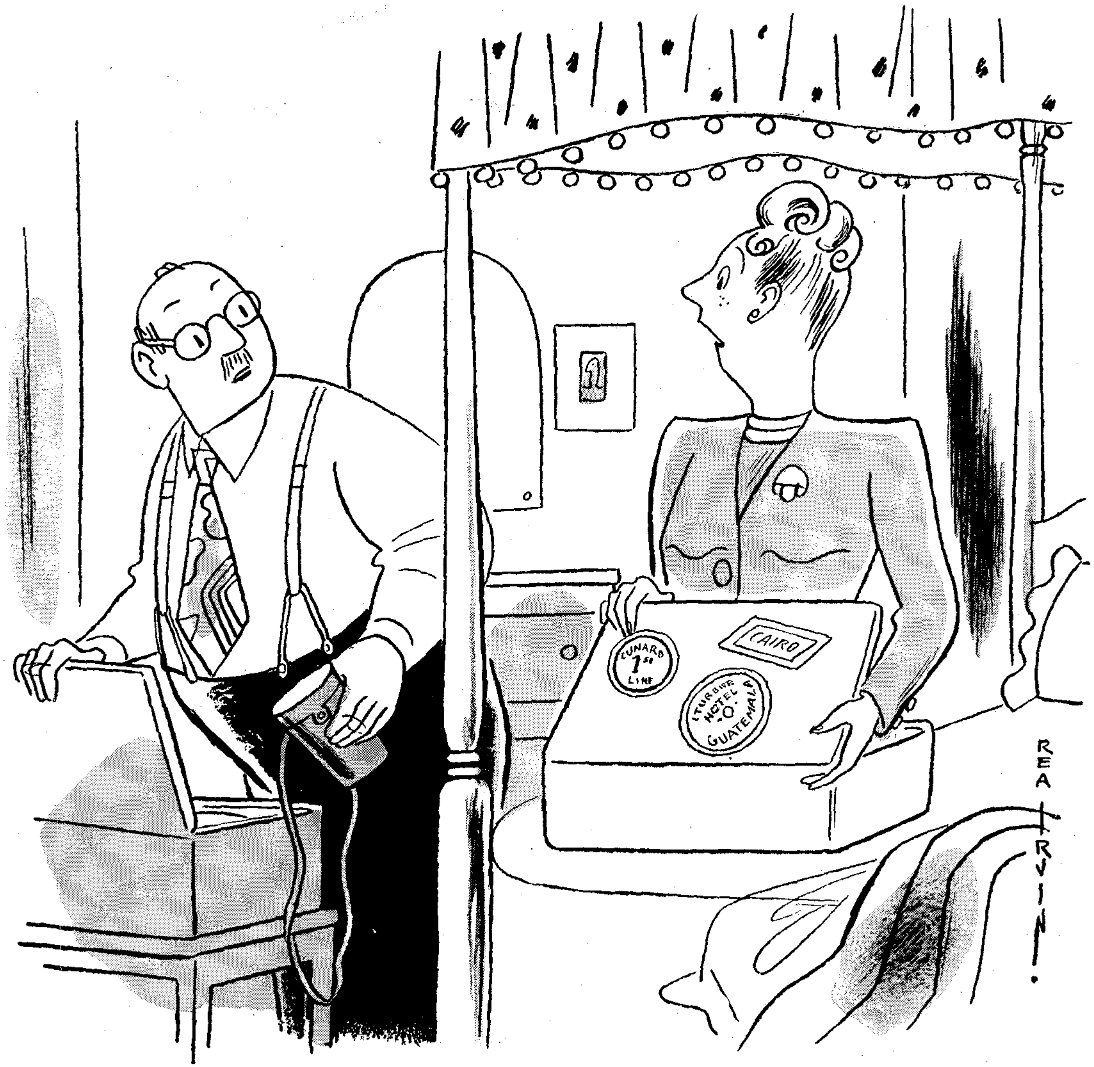
What life came to on that bleak mountaintop during their first winter must be referred to the imagination, for Charlie and Irene had no visitors from town, and neither of them was a letter writer. There were snows and sleet storms that penned them in for weeks, though the Dunkard somehow got to them with his milk, eggs, corn meal, and hog meat. This, remember, was before the day of radios, and the exiles both eschewed reading, on the ground that it hurt their eyes. They took the phonograph along, but the first explorers who visited them in the spring reported that every record save those of "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Groun' " and "Break the News to Mother" had cracked or worn out after the first six weeks.

Over all these years I think of the long, long days and the long, long nights, with Charlie—he had acquired the invalid complex by now—groaning and complaining on his couch, and Irene busy with her lowly offices. She not only had to feed him, nurse him, and keep him clean; she also had to entertain him, for all the nearby yokels regarded tuberculosis as a sort of demoniacal possession and never came into the house if they could help it. Today there are sanatoria in the Blue Ridge Mountains approaching in luxury the hideaways of movie actors, with huge staffs of doctors, nurses, masseurs, cooks, maids, psychologists, social workers, and so on, but in 1900 they were unknown. In good weather, a homeopathic doctor from Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, dropped in about once a month, but at all other times Irene managed the whole treatment herself.

Charlie made good progress the first year, and the only one of his brothers who ever visited him reported that he would be restored to normalcy by its end, but then he had the usual setback, and for months he was pretty ill. Irene, however, never despaired, nor did she ever abate her assiduities. Even on that desolate alp, where all the hill women were drudges, she became noted for her unremitting diligence. She was not only cook and nurse but also seamstress, and in summer she worked a small garden, and grew tomatoes, cabbages, onions, and the like. She and Charlie were not facile conversationalists, and in the course of time she and he often talked each other out, but until they recovered speech she sat in stolid silence, sewing, humming tunes, and anticipating his every wish and whim.

I never knew her very well, and so I can't tell you whether she was romantic devotee or mere slave, masochist or saint. One could not determine anything from her face, which bore the neutral expression of a pumpkin or toy balloon. But whatever the inward springs of her incomparably benign behavior, she certainly qualified as the champion wife of the whole region south of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. One of the rich police sergeants, who visited her and Charlie during their second year on the mountain, told me that her total expenditure on her own dress from end to end of that year amounted to six dollars and seventy cents and that her only luxury was a fifty-cent box of mail-order chocolates. But out of her lean savings she yet managed to keep Charlie in chewing tobacco, and on his second birthday in the mountains she got him a bottle of blackberry wine.

The other sergeant, hearing this moving tale and having run into some good luck in speculation, sent Irene ten dollars and sweated Charlie's brothers into raising their joint ante to five dollars a week, so Irene's income leaped to twelve dollars. With the surplus, she bought more milk and eggs from the Dunkard, and presently Charlie began to recover in earnest. During the third year he put on weight, took to his legs, and prepared to come home. He and Irene got back just in time to oust the locum tenens, but it soon turned out that Charlie was still a far from well man. Moreover, as I have said, he had acquired an invalid complex, and a couple of days after his



"My God! We've been to Guatemala!"

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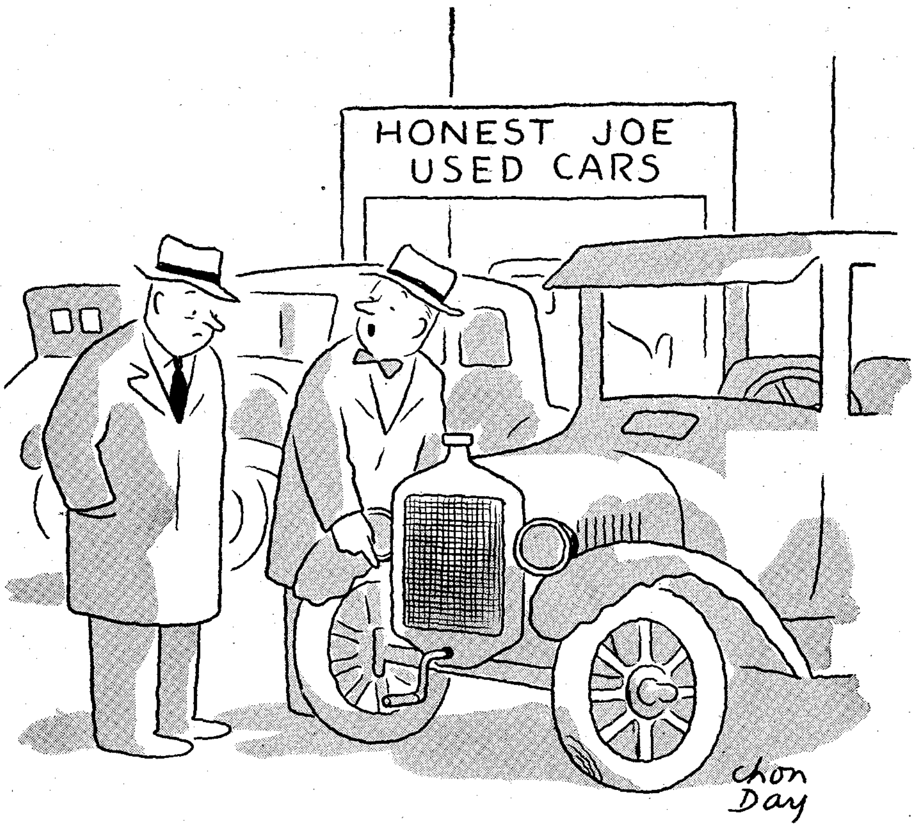

"Have you noticed this feature—an emergency starter?"

• •

grand reopening, arranged by Leopold Bortsch, he took to his room upstairs and left the whole burden of the establishment on Irene.

The psychopath had been fired by the locum tenens, and the best substitute Irene could find at the wages she could pay was an old and boozy fellow who had started at the top of his profession at the Rennert Hotel and then come rapidly downhill to jail and helping-up missions. He was still competent enough, despite his disintegration, but he ate more free lunch every day than a dozen customers. Also, he sometimes failed to show up in the morning, or got drunk in the evening and had to be thrown out. But Irene was never heard to complain, even to the booze-sisters who ducked in and out of the bar's family entrance, and neither did she complain when Charlie himself began to tipple, and now and then fell out of his chair or out of bed. Always and invariably, she was the faithful and consecrated wife. When she had to lift him up from the floor, sometimes with the aid of a customer, she dealt with him gently, addressed him as "honey," and usually straightened his clothes and combed his hair.

ONE day, alas, Charlie undertook to come downstairs when he was severely in his cups and suffered a header down the dark and narrow steps. When the cops got him to the Johns Hopkins in a patrol wagon—there were then no ambulances in Baltimore—the young doctors found that he had broken his right wrist, his collarbone, and both ankles. They kept him a couple of weeks, and then sent him home in a series of heavy casts, with huge swathes of bandages running this way and that all over him. He had some pain and swore a good deal, but never at Irene. They remained on their old loving terms, and she petted and gentled him whenever she could get away from the bar. This went on for four or five months, and then one of the young doctors dropped in one morning and knocked off the casts. Charlie would be as good as new, he said, in a few more weeks. Moreover, his lungs were as clear as bells.

Irene no more exulted than she had complained, but it was plain to see that she was filled with bubbles of quiet rejoicing. She cooked special dishes for Charlie, she made him four new shirts, and she bought him a rocking chair. At long last his dreadful illnesses were all over, from pneumonia and *mania à potu* to typhoid and broken bones. The day before he was to resume service in the bar—the last young doctor had knocked out his invalid complex by denouncing him as a lazy hound—Irene hugged him so violently that he was almost suffocated, and they kissed something on the order of two hundred times. This, of course, was *in camera*, but the customers downstairs could plainly hear the smacks.

That night, toward morning, Charlie awoke with violent sneezing, and all the next day he snuffled and panted. Toward evening, Irene sent for a neighborhood doctor, and the doctor made the astonishing diagnosis of measles, which was raging among the children of the vicinity. He said that with good nursing it would not amount to anything, and ought to pass off in a week or ten days. "Have you ever had it yourself?" he asked Irene. She replied that she had, in childhood. "Then you can nurse him," said the doctor. He thereupon gave Charlie an opium pill to make him sleep, and left three or four prescriptions for medicines.

Charlie slept soundly, and when he awoke in the morning he felt somewhat better, though he still had an itchy rash. Not seeing Irene, he called for her. Getting no answer, he called again. He heard no rumble of talk below, and concluded that she had not opened the bar. He began to be uneasy. Then he sighted a piece of paper on a chair by the bed. When he unfolded it, this is what he read:

> dere Charlie. I cant stand it No More. It has got to be 2 Much. You will never see me Agen.
>
> Your loving Wife.
>
> Irene.

And he never *did* see her again, though he lived ten years—a widower unconsoled, even by the prehensile widow women who fought for him.

Why did the loving and faithful Irene, after holding fast so long, desert him at last? Why, after withstanding pneumonia, malaria, pleurisy, tuberculosis, typhoid, and jimjams, did she succumb in the end to so trivial an affliction as measles?

I started off by telling you that I had no theory, and I now say the same thing again. You will have to work out this mystery of the female heart for yourself. —H. L. MENCKEN

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EGGS

Receipts 19,398 cases. The market continued in good shape with supplies clearing closely and in spots there was less nervousness. At the same time in other quarters somewhat heavier receipts were anticipated toward the end of the week and sentimental weakness prevailed.—*The Times.*

Oh, damn!

AND HEARTS IN HEAVEN

WHEN I was eleven, an Anglican priest called Father Tipton came to Stonesboro and held a mission for the children of St. Luke's Parish. I don't know why he came, or who invited him, but come he did, and his services, conducted at five o'clock every afternoon during Lent, were well attended. He set us to examining our souls and to whittling crosses out of cigar-box lids, even us girls. All of us, greedy and unregenerate though we had been, sensed a mystic leavening in our natures.

Mrs. Bobbit, my mother's Baptist friend, said to her one evening, "So you Piscopals are having a revival, too."

"It's not at all the same," my mother replied coolly. "You'll never catch Episcopalians making conversions."

That put Mrs. Bobbit in her place, which was fair because she knew perfectly well the correct appellation for members of our sect, but taken as a gibe at the Baptists in Stonesboro, it was not fair at all. They never converted anybody either. Nobody did.

The greatest evangelist in the Carolinas, if not in the whole South (Revival's Steam Engine in Pants, they called him), had once pitched his tent on our fairgrounds and the paper had neglected to mention him. He folded soon and moved away, though not, like the Arabs, silently. He laid a curse upon us first. Brick would fall from brick, he said; the wild ass would graze where the Meadows mansion stood; the broken fragments of our courthouse would cradle the adder and the toad. Our upstart neighbor, the new tobacco town to our west, trembled eagerly at the prophecy. But it did not come to pass. The mansion, as everybody called the Meadowses' big Victorian house, continued to look like something built from ornamental Christmas blocks, and the only grazing animal there was an iron stag that served as a hitching post. The copper dome of the courthouse continued to take on each year a lovelier green corrosion. Stonesboro was not surprised. It was a relaxed town, little given to enthusiasm or to anxiety.

That is why I wonder now at Father Tipton's visit.

I suppose the bishop or the rector must have arranged it, but that in itself seems strange, for our church was very low. (We did have, to be sure, one old lady who always wheeled around to the East—"Like a bird dog pointing," my father said—when the choir sang the doxology, but we children were told not to stare, and that it came of travelling in England.) The bishop was a charming old boy who made women feel pretty, and our rector was a plain-mannered man with a fresh color, a round stomach, and numerous reckless offspring. Father Tipton's like we had not seen before.

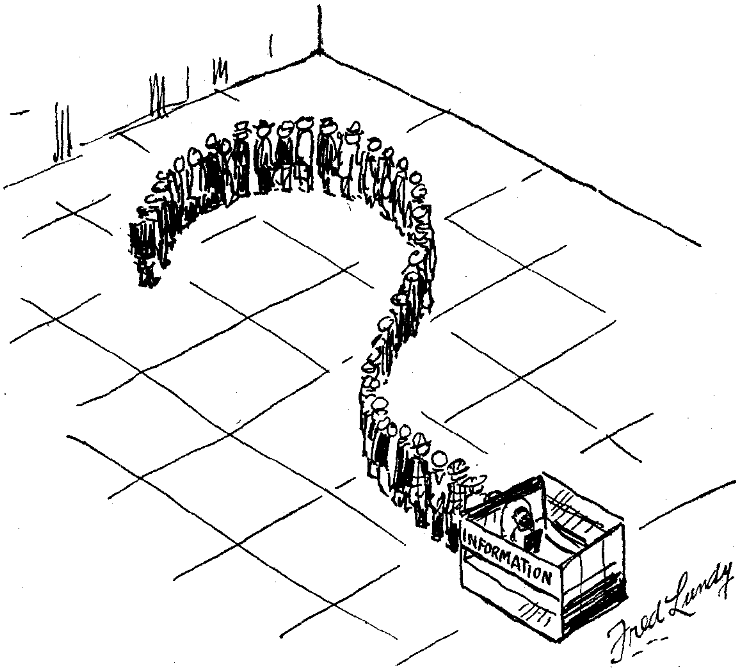
He looked like a figure carved from wood. He was tall and lean, and he moved stiffly, with an air of consecrated discomfort. ("He wears a hair shirt next his nekkid," said Mrs. Bobbit. "He's taking your children to Rome.") His brown hair, lying flat against his skull, was scarcely browner than his skin, and the furrows running down from the sides of his nose to the corners of his thin mouth might have been cut there with a knife. Above his sharp cheekbones were deep hollows. And in these hollows his eyes, incredibly blue, swelled from their sockets to trouble the repose of his countenance.

Every afternoon, during the Lenten period, when we children went into the dim church, we would find Father Tipton kneeling at the altar with his head down on his arms. The loose, flowing sleeves of his vestments would remind us of the wings of a raven or some other scriptural bird. We would sit very still. After a while, he would rise and turn, and as he moved slowly through the chancel down to the lectern, he was like a long, jerky evening shadow advancing upon us. He would raise his hand, palm outward. It was a knotty-jointed hand with a gap in the middle, for his second finger was only a stump. In a voice at once rich and sibilant he would command us, "Knees on the ground. Eyes on the Cross. And hearts in Heaven."

He told us a good deal about the boys' school that he had in the mountains. It was not an easy school, he said, but the climb to grace was not easy, either. The board was frugal (I did not know what a frugal board was; it sounded hard and wonderful). His boys, many of whom had come to him wild and passionate, learned there the true happiness of submission. And wherever a boy might be—in the fields or the woods or at his books—when the sunset bell rang out, he crossed himself and knelt in prayer. My life, as I listened, lost flavor. I longed to be a wild, passionate boy, flinging myself upon the rocky ground while the Great Smokies, lonely and dismal at day's end, brooded above me. More than that, I longed to fling myself at Father Tipton's feet and gasp out, "Father, I have sinned!"

I BEGAN to daydream about confessing to Father Tipton, but I knew all the time that I could never do it. The fact was, I didn't have any sin to confess. I was sometimes sassy, and I had once snitched an apple from the grocery store. These things were wrong, I knew—but they lacked the dignity of sin. And even if I could force myself to do something like slapping my grandmother (I was very fond of her and the notion nearly made me cry) or stealing money from the cook, I knew I would not confess it. I simply did not have that kind of nerve. I was no good at whittling, either. My cigar-box cross looked lopsided and crazy, and I threw it away. I grew discouraged.

Then Father Tipton suggested one demonstration of piety that did fall within my power. Whenever we heard the name of the Lord taken in vain, he said—"by rough men in poolrooms, for instance"—we could apologize to God. We could not rebuke the offender, but we could make the sign of the cross and bow our heads. And God would smile. I didn't have to hang around poolrooms to do this. My own father's conversation was



plummy with opportunity. It was not, I think, that my father was wanting in respect for the Deity. It was just that he, like most men raised in Stonesboro, had a sort of democratic pride that made him feel on an equal footing with everybody. He liked to call upon his Maker and to mention Him in terms of familiarity in the same way that people liked to call the governor by his first name. It made things friendly.

I was not exactly clear about how to make the sign of the cross, but I did my best. I would jerk my head and make a zigzag motion across my face and chest. I suppose I did that about twenty times a day, chiefly during meals. My parents began to look at me with concern. They forbade my brother to tease me and made me drink a glass of scuppernong wine at bedtime.

"Maybe we ought to take Fanny out of school," I overheard my father saying one evening. "I believe she's developing St. Vitus's dance."

His remark made me feel misunderstood and rather holy. That night I slept on the floor. It was as close as I could come to a frugal board.

I USED to walk home from the service every afternoon with Lacy Meadows. She was a girl who moved the rest of us children to contempt and a curious kind of envy by the restrictions that hedged her life. Lacy was allowed to eat only Huyler's candy. Lacy saw only Mary Pickford movies. Lacy was not permitted, winter or summer, to wear colors; her mother thought them unsuitable for children. Even Lacy's coats and her blunt-toed, high-buttoned school shoes were white. None of us wanted to be like her—we certainly did not want to forgo penny suckers or the serial thrillers at the Alamo Picture Palace—but she made us feel a little common.

I think our elders felt the same way about Lacy's family. The Meadowses were rich by Stonesboro standards, but it was not their money that irritated people. It was the way they looked down their noses at fashion. Mr. Meadows still wore a Prince Albert on Sundays and did not smoke in the presence of ladies. Mrs. Meadows laced her "form" into an outmoded shape. Nearly every family in town had turned in the horse and buggy as down payment on an automobile, but the Meadowses considered "machines" conspicuous. They preferred the splendid obscurity of their old victoria, its two fat bays, and its fat, bay coachman. Society laughed at them, and knew all the time that they were proof against derision. So my mother had been pleased when Mrs. Meadows asked me to walk home from the mission with Lacy. And—cramping as the arrangement was—I was not oblivious of its snob value.

One windy evening, Lacy and I strolled homeward through the Courthouse Square. The weather had turned too warm for March, and my dark serge middy suit was scratchy and uncomfortable. I didn't see how Lacy could stand her coat. I was tired and worried. My father had cut himself while shaving that morning, and later, at our two-o'clock dinner, the oysters had been fried soggy. I was afraid I had lost count and skipped some chances to make God smile.

Lacy, who was generally an innocent chatterbox, seemed languid and withdrawn. Then, suddenly, in her pure, piping voice, she said, "I confessed today."

I stood stock-still. A flock of tame pigeons gathered around my feet, expecting to be fed. I kicked at them and they curved upward to the courthouse eaves, where they sat in a row, complaining.

"You did what?" I asked.

"I confessed," said Lacy. "I went in before the service and confessed to Father Tipton. Now my heart feels cleansed and buoyant."

I knew from her last words that she was telling the truth. Lacy could never have thought them up for herself. "What had you done?" I asked.

I knew she hadn't done anything, unless it was something babyish, like eating a piece of prissy old Huyler's chocolate when she had given up candy for Lent. She said nothing. She gazed wanly into space.

"What did you do?" I asked again. "What did he say?"

Lacy shook her head. She gave me an ethereal smile. "I don't think it would be right to tell," she said. "Some things are sacred."

She looked so smug and superior and silly, with her pale sheep face, and her pale straight hair stringing down the back of her fuzzy white coat, that I hit her.

I don't suppose Lacy had ever been struck before, but if I had expected her to turn the other cheek, I was mistaken. My middy blouse and skirt had separated when I raised my arm. Lacy ducked her head and bit me in the stomach. Her teeth dug in, right through my union suit. I tried to bite her shoulder, but her coat got in my mouth. I thought it tasted the way it looked—like poodle's fur.

Lacy streaked off across the square, weeping and indignant, but too well bred to make a noise. I went home and poured peroxide on my wounds. I had expected to find my umbilicus bitten off, but there was just a ring of purple tooth marks around it. The peroxide foamed. My brother had told me that that was a sign it was drawing out poisons.

NEXT afternoon, I was in my room, dressing to attend the mission, when I saw the Meadows victoria stop at our gate. The sight sickened but did not surprise me. I had been feeling nervous ever since my fight with Lacy; I knew it was sure to get me into trouble sooner or later. I saw the coachman waddle bossily up our path with a square white envelope in his hand. After he had driven off, I heard my mother hurry up the stairs and go into the bedroom across the hall. My father was in there taking a nap. I heard him snoring.

"Wake up, Robert," my mother said. "Something serious has happened."

I stood at my door and overheard everything they said.

My mother sounded on the verge of tears. But what amazed me was that she did not seem in the least concerned about the Meadowses, or about public disgrace. She was thinking of me.

"The poor child is not herself," said my mother. "First, that nervous twitching, and now this. I don't know what to do."

"Hold on a minute," said my father in a tone of wonder. "Let me get this straight. You mean Fanny attacked the Meadows brat? Not that little white creature? Not the unborn lamb?"

"Lacy Meadows," said my mother impatiently. "And right after they'd been to church."

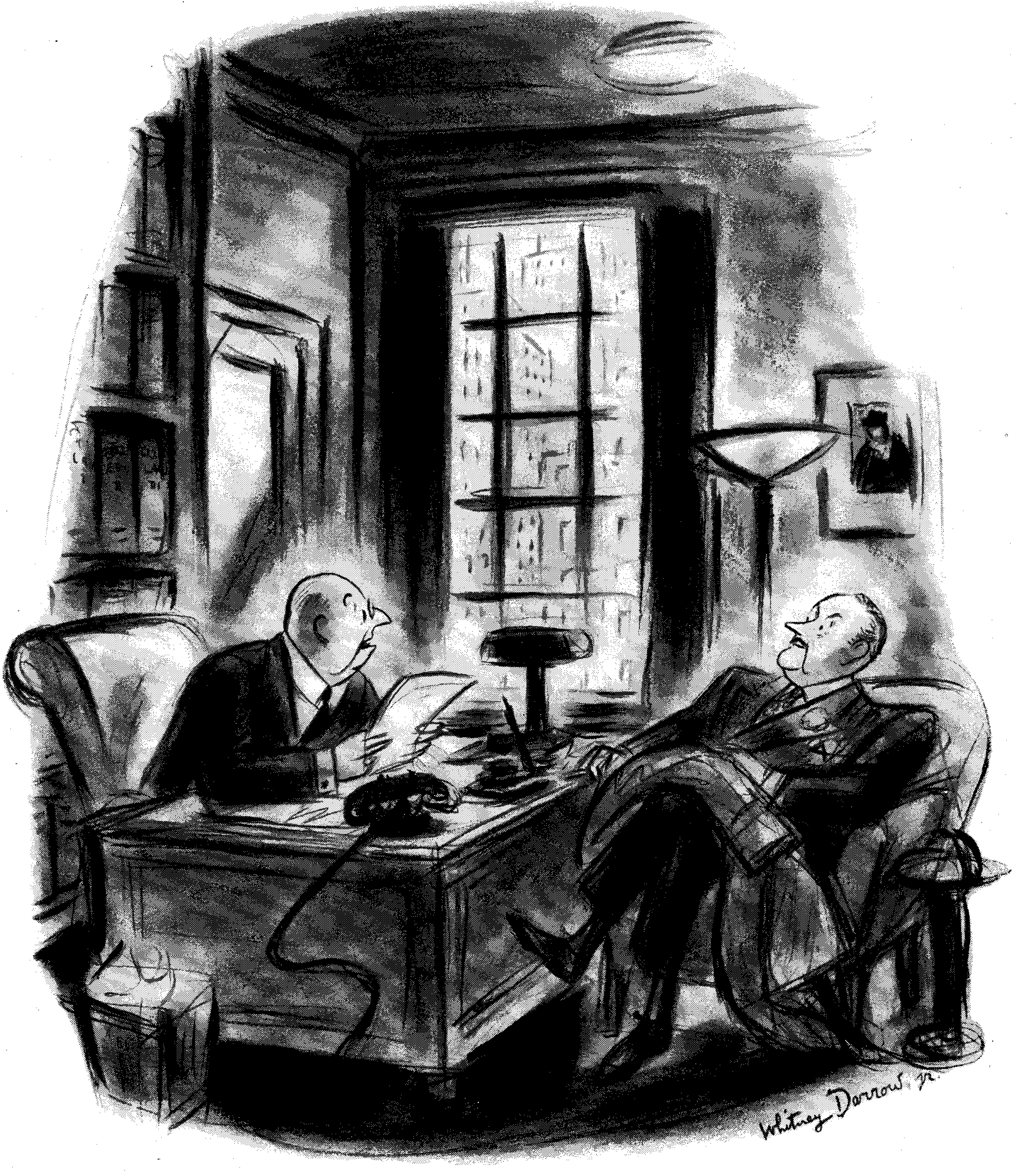
"And a very good time for it," said my father. "Fanny didn't want to kill her unshriven."

"Oh, Robert!" said my mother.

"She attacked her," my father said, musingly. "Feloniously. Without provocation. Fanny didn't like her looks, so she hit her." He made a long, loud noise that I took for a groan. He whistled. Then his laughter rumbled out. "Lord God of Israel!" he shouted, as if he were calling across a pond at somebody. "Old Marster in Heaven, did you hear that? Mark one down for my daughter Fanny!"

I started to cross myself, but thought better of it. I pulled on my tam-o'-shanter, picked up my collection dime, and went down the stairs and out the front door.

It was windy again. Rain had fallen in the morning, and in the worn hol-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I feel bound to point out, Mr. Harmon, that news of such an ungenerous settlement would be likely to get around, and might count against you if you should ever decide to marry again."

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lows along the old brick pavement in the Courthouse Square water was standing and reflecting the sky, and in these blue puddles the pink-footed pigeons walked, making gossipy, contented noises. Across the way, I could see the children filing into St. Luke's, disappearing out of the bright day into the dark, vaulted doorway. I ran straight through the square, past all the statues with the verdigris in the wrinkles of their garments—past George Washington, past the Confederate Mother handing the Sword to the Kneeling Boy—past the church, too, until I came to Main Street. There I met up with a crowd of Baptists and Presbyterians, and Lola Bobbit broke me off a piece of her licorice whip. My heart felt remarkably cleansed and buoyant as I went on with them to the Alamo, where Pearl White was playing in "The Perils of Pauline."

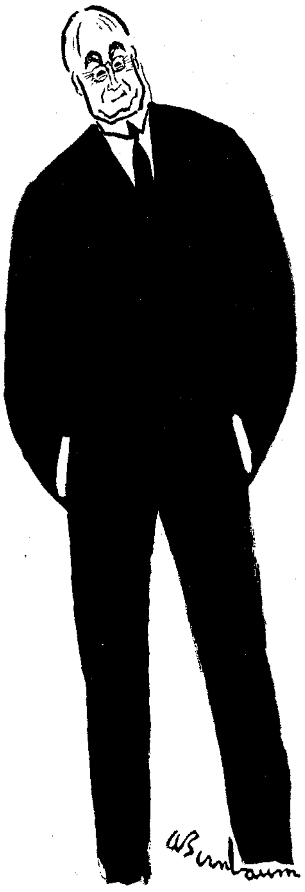
—FRANCES GRAY PATTON

PROFILES

THE OLD MAN

III—NATIONAL KIBITZER

NOT long ago, Secretary Marshall, a vigorous, clear-minded man at the age of sixty-seven, asked Bernard Mannes Baruch how he manages to keep so lively at seventy-seven. "It's none of my doing," Baruch said. "I come from a long line of people who wanted to last forever. I had an aunt in Germany who died a while back at the age of ninety-eight. Another aunt of mine over there is still alive at ninety-eight. And I have an uncle in Chicago, named Henry Lytton, who sold his business when he was eighty-three, bought it back when he was eighty-six, issued new securities and tripled it when he was ninety-nine, and is now doing nicely at a hundred and one." Two years ago, Baruch suffered some stomach trouble, and Miss Blanche Higgins, his nurse at that time, called his doctor, Maximilian Ramirez, and described Baruch's symptoms. Dr. Ramirez said, in a very matter-of-fact voice, that the distress sounded like the effect of an ulcer. Miss Higgins, who felt that the Doctor was not nearly alarmed enough about this calamity, said, "But Dr. Ramirez, Mr. Baruch is seventy-five years old." "Listen, Higgins," the Doctor said, "he'll get over this ulcer and he'll be here long after you and me." Baruch went to the hospital, where a large duodenal ulcer was, in fact, detected; in the extraordinarily short time of two weeks, the ulcer was healed. Dr. Ramirez died last year, at the age of fifty-four, and Miss Higgins, who is thirty-three and has every prospect of a good long life, nevertheless thinks the Doctor will eventually be proved right in all particulars of his prediction. Baruch's recuperative powers are astonishing. He had a mastoid operation when he was sixty-six, and though the mastoiditis had given him a bit of trouble, because he was allergic to sulfa, he recovered quickly and was strong enough not long afterward to knock a man unconscious in a slight argument on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. After the removal of a big cyst under Baruch's left arm, when he was in his early seventies, his shoulder atrophied and dropped slightly, and his arm shrank, but persistent use of a ten-gauge shotgun on the hunting reaches of his South Carolina estate, Hobcaw Barony, soon restored his muscles to their former proportions. In 1944, he thought he had gout, but it turned out to be a slight arthritic infection, and penicillin cleared it up.



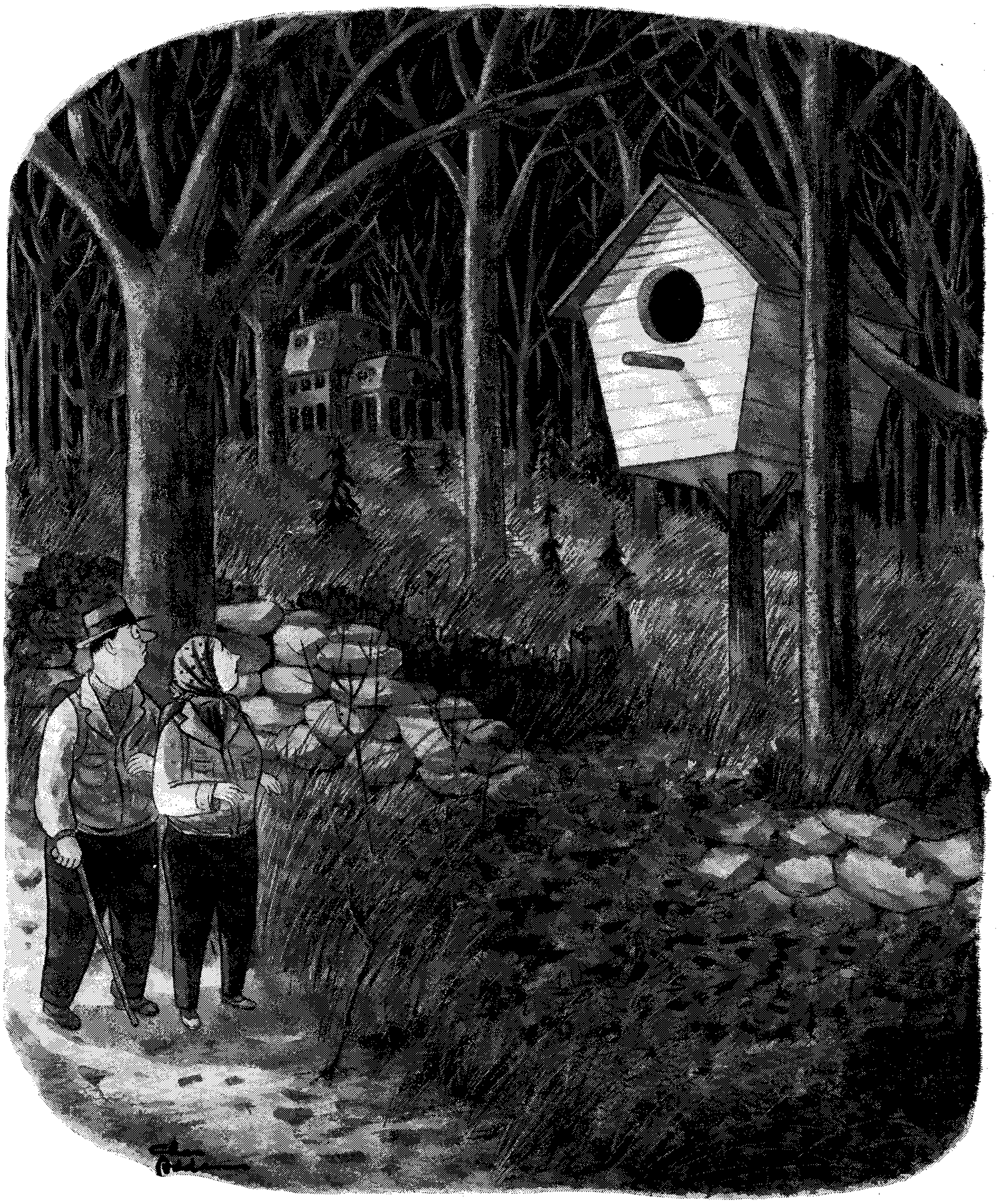
Bernard M. Baruch

Baruch takes very good care of himself, because he considers himself, in his role as the nation's most prominent kibitzer on the commonweal, more or less public property, with no right to sicken or grow old. He is saving himself for the next time he will have to do something for The People. When he was a small boy, he had such a tendency toward fatness that his nickname was Bunch. He once said to a friend, "The rolls of fat on my ankles hung down over the tops of my shoes." He now weighs about two hundred pounds, but, being nearly six feet four, he can support the weight, which is mostly muscle, without showing it. Ever since his teens, he has been extremely muscle-conscious. For many years, he took boxing lessons at Woods' Gymnasium, on East Twenty-eighth Street, and one day, after he had hit a policeman so hard, in a practice bout, that it took a bucket of water to revive the man, he was slapped on the back by Fighting Bob Fitzsimmons, who said, "The prize ring lost a good man in you, Baruch." Nowadays, Baruch exercises with dumbbells in the early morning and tries to walk at least a mile a day. When he is at Hobcaw Barony, in the shooting seasons, he rides out for birds and sometimes mounts and dismounts as often as twenty-five times in an afternoon. His father, Dr. Simon Baruch, was one of the first advocates of hydrotherapy, and he himself is a great believer in cold baths. He gave up smoking when he was sixty-four, and he has never taken anything to drink except an occasional toast or congratulatory highball. He gets to bed by ten o'clock every night that he can. He is very suspicious of drafts; he wears long underwear and a topcoat even in summertime, and avoids what he feels to be the obvious perils of air-conditioned restaurants. He does, however, like fresh air out of doors. The image of Baruch, the park-bench statesman, is not false; he has always enjoyed breathing deeply as he straightened out his country's affairs.

Baruch's indoor, or official, contributions to national policy, as opposed to his outdoor, or park-bench, contributions, have not been numerous, considering the length of his life. In fact, he had lived nearly half a century before he was called, in 1917, into government service, and he has held, all told, only four big governmental jobs: he was a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense in the first World War; he was chairman of its offshoot, the War Industries Board; he was a delegate, concerned with the reparations and economic sections of the peace treaty, at the Versailles Conference; and after the second World War he served as United States representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. Baruch has, though, spent a good deal of his time working for his country informally. He has given advice whenever it was solicited and sometimes when it was not. He has been a tireless writer of memoranda and letters to figures high up in the government. He wrote President Wilson a letter on December 24, 1918, for instance, in which he recommended setting up skeletal peacetime organizations in both government and industry that would be, in effect, cadres for wartime agencies; Wilson, trying to build a permanent peace, tabled Baruch's suggestion. Once in a while, Baruch has called on whoever happened to be President and given him ideas orally. Baruch made a typical call of this sort when Coolidge was President and was trying to figure out how to reduce the Allied war debts; Baruch dropped in at the White House one day and suggested that a convenient formula might be to figure debts incurred before the Armistice but not after. Coolidge didn't take the advice.

Baruch has often used much less frontal methods much more effectively. After the first war, he delivered a number of lectures at the Army War College, in Washington. Many of his ideas have appeared in print under other people's names—notably in the New York *World* when it was edited by his friend Herbert Bayard Swope. Baruch has been a successful nominator of government personnel; he was an important factor, to mention an example, in Herbert Hoover's choice of Eugene Meyer to be head of the Federal Reserve Board, in September, 1930. Congressional-committee hearings have afforded Baruch many chances to influence legislation. During the early days of the Roosevelt administration, he was in constant touch with some of the President's Brain Trusters, especially with Raymond Moley, Thomas Corcoran, and the late Hugh S. Johnson. Baruch has started several historic pieces of business on a bench in Lafayette Square, conveniently just across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. He sat there one summer day in 1942 with two scientists, James B. Conant and Karl T. Compton, who conversed for some time in highly technical language. Finally, Baruch said, "When you fellows get through talking in Chinese, please let me know, because I believe we can go ahead then and declare a dividend." The dividend was the famous report to the President on natural and synthetic rubber. His equally famous manpower report, the next year, was a glorified memorandum. Hobcaw Barony has been an ideal place to entertain and insinuate. Franklin Roosevelt visited Baruch there for a month, in the spring of 1944. All through the years since 1917, responsible men have sought out Baruch for advice, and their confidence in his judgment seems never to have diminished; just recently seven senators dropped in at his New York apartment in one day, separately, to ask him how to vote on the Marshall Plan, and Senator Vandenberg invited him a couple of weeks ago to be the first witness in the Congressional hearings on the Plan.

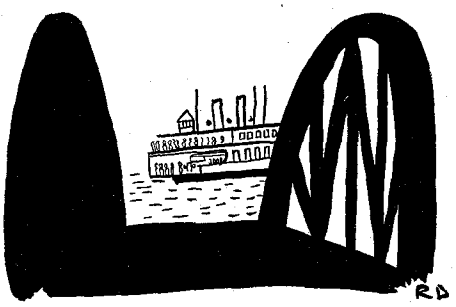
BARUCH is intensely emotional and personal about his efforts for his country and for peace. He took his work on the Atomic Energy Commission so seriously—for the best of reasons—that the job became a kind of crusade in the name of Baruch. He was appointed to the Commission on March 18, 1946. In the early days of the Commission's work, his attitude was one of urgent inquiry; later, he worked himself up to a great emotional pitch. He was obsessed with a parallel he saw between his work on atomic energy and the work he had done on the Versailles Treaty, and he began to feel that peace this time depended on him personally. He was furious when the Acheson-Lilienthal Report was published, because he felt it committed him to action he might later be obliged to deem unwise. Once, when Canada, a country that was wholly in accord with the United States in principle, tried to propose an amendment that the Canadian members felt would strengthen the atomic proposals, Baruch exclaimed, "They're trying to rat on me!" Finally, with the same intuitive sense of timing that has always enabled Baruch to sell stock near the top of the market, he resigned just



after the Commission's report had been published. At that time the proposals seemed the only possible thing; the breakdown in negotiations did not come until weeks later. Thus, perhaps without intending it, Baruch realized a kind of capital gain in influence, whereas, had he held on too long, he might have stood to lose heavily.

Baruch owes his continuing popularity as a kibitzer, after about three decades in the sport, partly to this sense of timing but even more to his reputation for being right so often. Billy Rose has admired Baruch ever since, as an eighteen-year-old shorthand speed champion, Rose took dictation from the chairman of the War Industries Board, in 1918, and he has for some time been pondering a magazine article to be entitled, if it is ever written, "Baruch the Prophet." So far, because of his many other enterprises, Rose has not progressed beyond rehearsing this article in conversation. "It's very simple," he said in one of his recent practice sessions. "Bernie says to the gents down in Washington, 'One and one makes two, and it'll never make seven and a half, no matter how you fancy it up.' One of the items I have in mind for this piece is the way Bernie told F.D.R. and Leon Henderson how to manage rationing and price control, only of course they couldn't be bothered with *good* advice. So what happens? We lose, I estimate, a hundred billion smackers through inflation." Indeed, it is possible that the secret of Baruch's consistent rightness lies in the precautionary nature of much of his advice: this or that calamity will surely come if this or that watchful step is not taken. Man being what he is, the step is almost always not taken, the calamity occurs, and Baruch's total on the scoreboard jumps. Whatever the trick is, Baruch keeps his eye on the scoreboard; he has often said to friends that he would rather be right than rich. He is habitually both. There seems to be some connection between the two. Baruch started his career, in 1889, at three dollars a week, as a messenger boy for a wholesale merchant of druggists' glassware, and he wound up, a few decades later, with a fortune of quite a number of million dollars. In the minds of many people, these facts give him a definite right to an attentive audience when he tosses around advice worth a hundred billion dollars. Since he acquired most of his money through what he modestly calls speculation, it is clear that he could not have become rich without having become right. And once he had the money, he could not keep it without staying that way. In both his personal and his public concerns, Baruch is a conservative, in the pure, Latin sense of the word: a guard, one dedicated to keeping. He is, therefore, a man most careful to be right whenever possible.

Another reason Baruch's word on national affairs is usually taken seriously is that he is manifestly a patriot. He really seems to want nothing for himself except a good name. He declined the two offers he has had of a regular government post; both Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt asked him to be Secretary of the Treasury. His patriotism operates in three concentric areas. As he was born in Camden, South Carolina, and as his beloved father was a surgeon in the Civil War and, after it, a member of the Ku Klux Klan, Baruch goes through episodes of Southern patriotism; the mere mention of the name Robert E. Lee sometimes actually brings tears to his eyes. His next-larger ring of patriotism embraces the United States, for which his affection is unbounded. He may think, from time to time, that the President of the country is not a great man personally, but he takes very literally the requests and directions of his Commander-in-Chief, whoever he may be. Baruch is a man who most dearly loves a square meal; he eats tremendously, and he can remember the exact menus of certain outstanding feasts, such as one he had in the depot at Richmond, Virginia, in 1881, while travelling North to New York with his mother, and another he ate one night a few years later at his first big dance, the début of a girl named Lydon, after having been discovered hiding, out of shyness, in the men's cloakroom. Yet last fall, when Mr. Truman asked everybody to eat less, Baruch went at once to Annie, his cook, and said that he no longer wanted to serve or eat bread, or have it in his apartment. "But Mr. Baruch," Annie protested, "I live on bread." Baruch explained that unless Americans ate less, the people of Europe would go hungry this winter. Annie, evidently remembering something one of the other servants had reported overhearing at her boss's table, said defiantly, "Let 'em dig coal!" As Baruch feels strongly that the people of Europe should work hard for their own salvation, this



IT LOOKS LIKE SNOW

OR, MY LIFE IN GALOSHES

Some people are dipsomaniacs,
And other people are Calypsomaniacs,
And in my heart both kinds occupy the front row
Compared to the aficionados of snow.
How like taxes is snow on doorstep and lawn!
How rapidly imposed, how reluctantly withdrawn!
And how indestructible, because unless it melts,
Every shovelful you take from one place you just have to put it someplace else,
And how otherwise I gaze at it than stout Cortez gazing at the Pacific or stout Columbus gazing at a San Dominigan,
Because Columbus and Cortez never had to drive from an ice-capped byway onto a well-cleared highway and hear their chains chattering, Off agin, on agin, your fender is gone agin, Finnegan.
Snow differs from rain because rain is wet and snow is clammy,
And it never rains but it pours and it never snows but either the night you are going to the theatre or some friends you particularly detest have just left for Miami.
Children like snow, which still leaves my point far from moot,
Because children also like bubble gum and listening to radio mysteries while they are doing their square roots,
So when our incorporated young place an order for snow, I suggest that their parents form into We-countermands-it companies,
Because there is only one thing I like about snow, which is that transit companies hate it, and I hate transit companies.

—Ogden Nash

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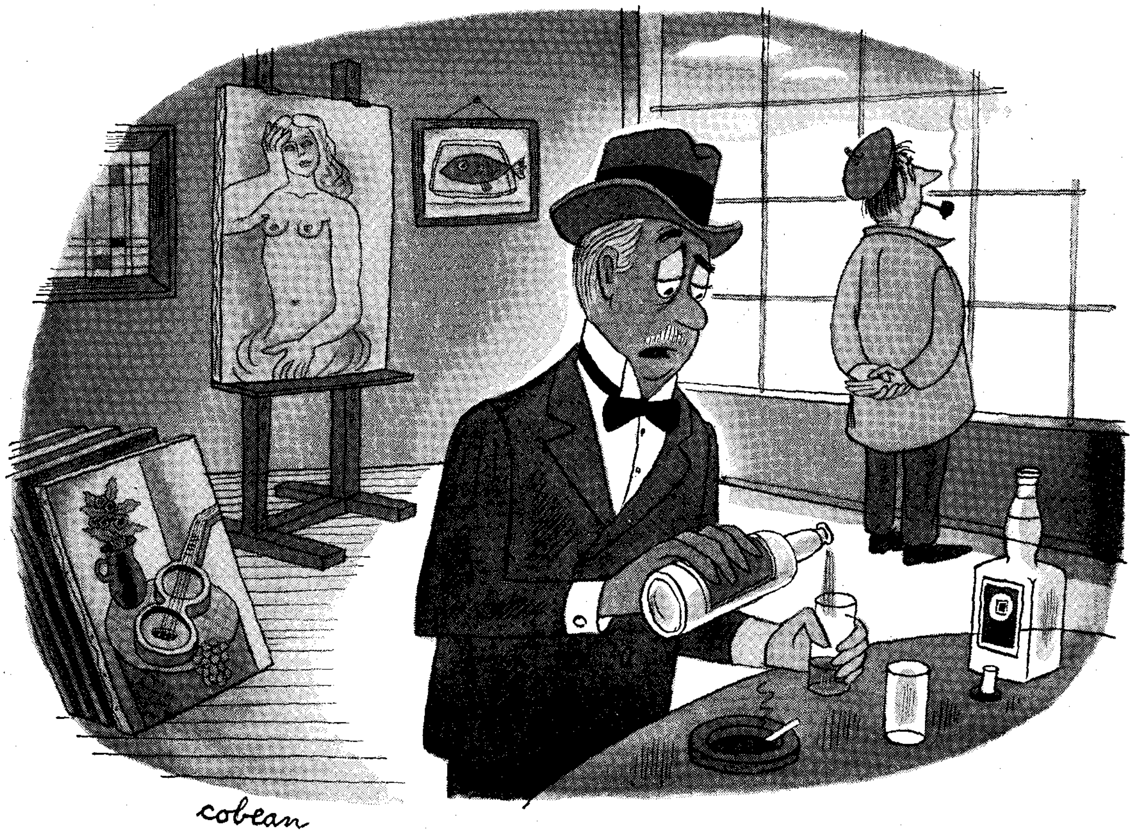
stopped him. He was obliged to fall back on a patriotic appeal—obedience to the C.-in-C.—and eventually he won out. Annie and Baruch serve no bread because the President asked them to go easy. Baruch also feels that the American governmental system is the best that has ever been invented. He told a friend not long ago, "My father once said to me, 'Son, don't you let them move a stick or stone of our structure; if you do, I'll come back to haunt you.' " Baruch's outermost ring of patriotism encompasses the world. He has not yet worked out the final details of how to rationalize his powerful jealousy for the integrity and sovereignty of his country with his equally powerful desire for world peace, but he occasionally grows emotional about the need for working through the United Nations to preserve the latter. One evening recently, he exclaimed to a number of guests in his apartment, "I would crawl on my hands and knees to the West Coast to keep the young men of the world from another war!" It is quite possible that he is in good enough physical condition to fulfill this vow if the young men of the world decide, in any organized way, that such an expedition would help.

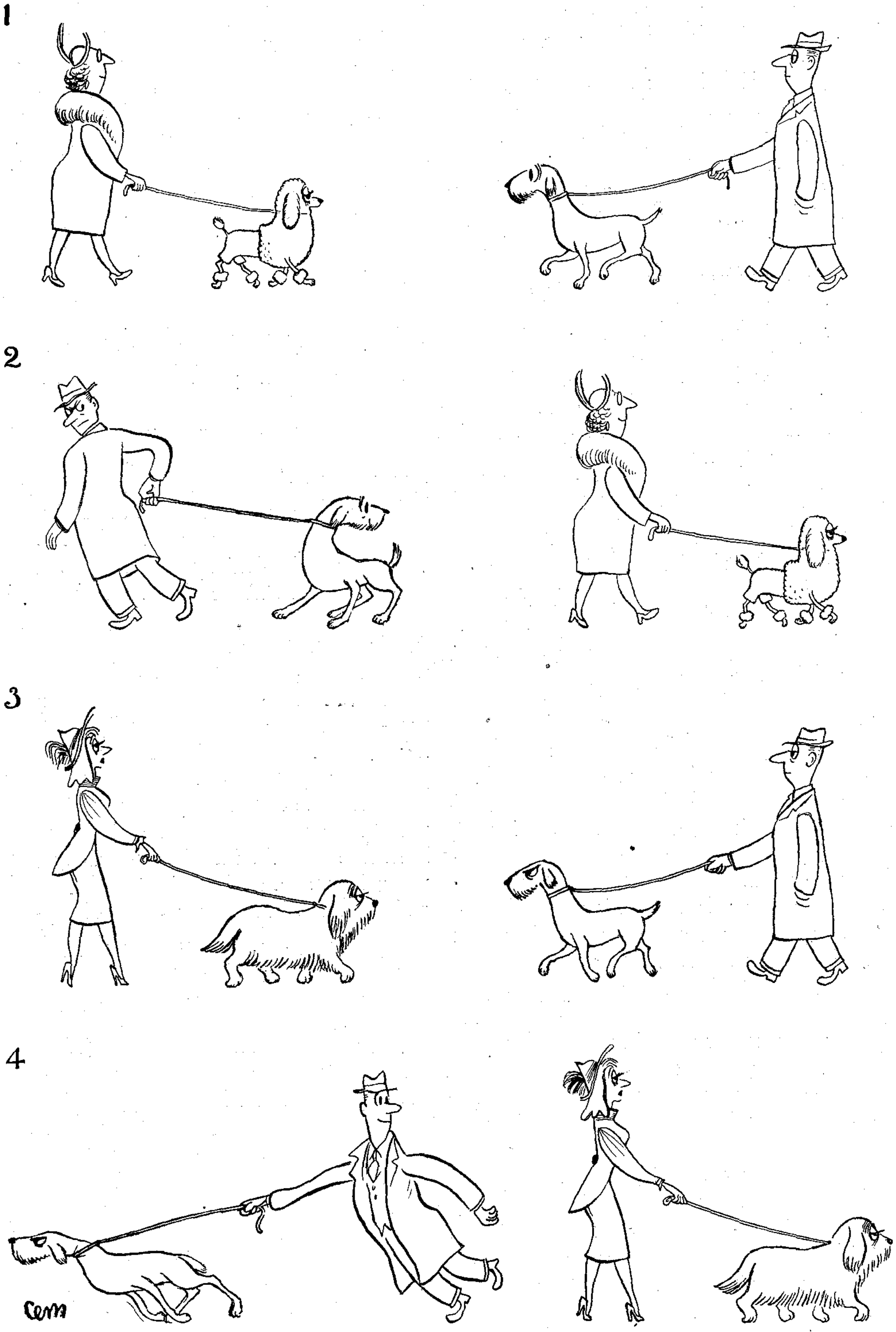


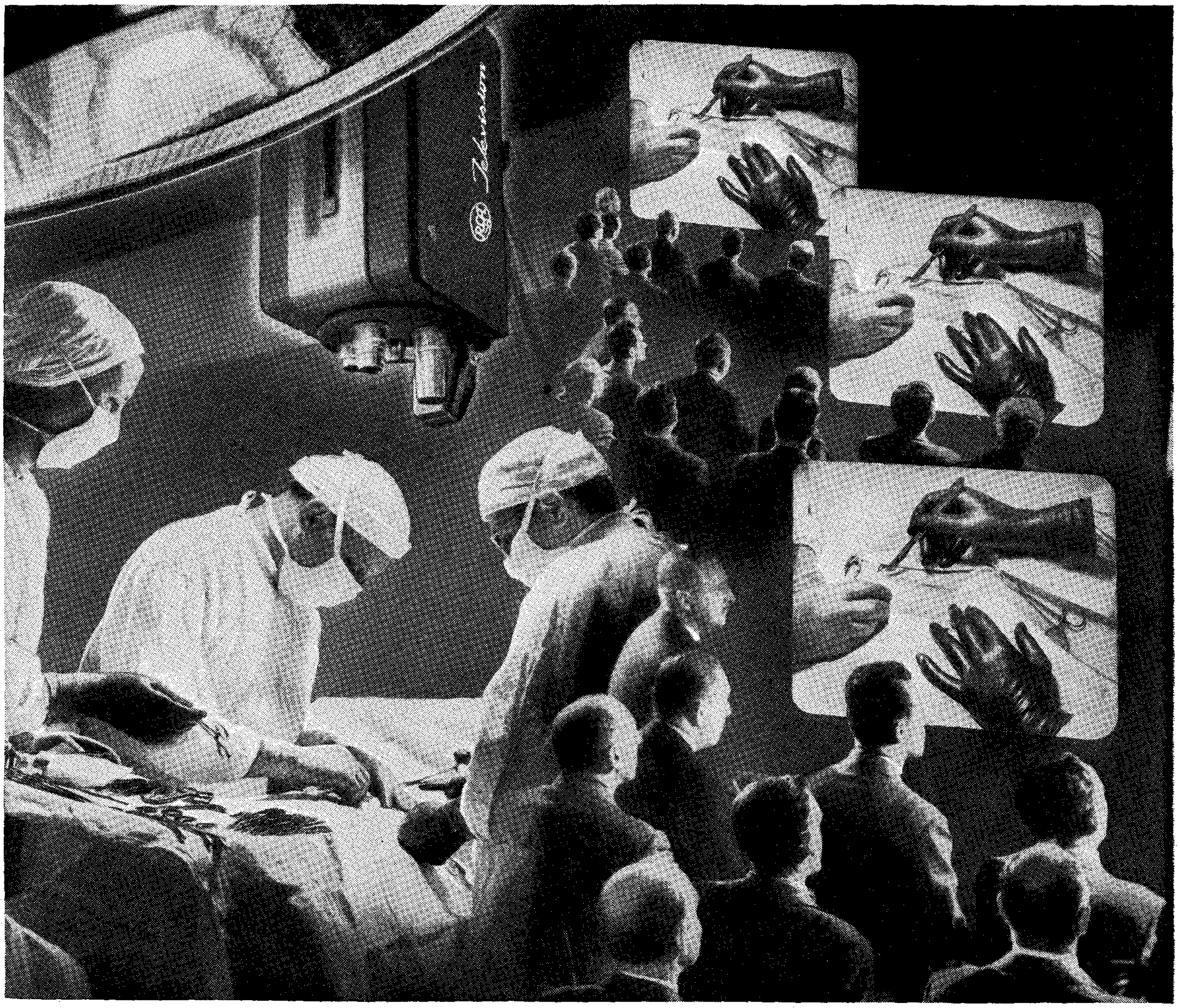
"What's lacking in your paintings, Carter, is lacking in you. You haven't suffered enough."

IN presenting advice, whether it is to a young lady in a box at Belmont trying to make up her mind what horse to take in the fifth or to a senator on a solemn issue of state, Baruch is voluble, articulate, aggressive, and persuasive. He has never done much public speaking. Perhaps his reticence can be accounted for by an event that took place in Camden before he was ten years old: one evening in an elocutionary contest he began mournfully to recite "On Linden, when the sun was low" when his father, oppressed by the boy's sing-song plaint, laid a finger alongside his nose and whined, in time with his son's iambics and to the boy's unforgettable embarrassment, "Ta-dah ta-dah ta-dah ta-dah." In conversation, however, Baruch speaks in a booming, resonant, expressive voice, loaded with maleness and information. He salts his speech with homely, well-tested color: "He has a heart as big as all outdoors. . . . Law, how he do recommend hisself! . . . Stocks and dividends went up like a cat's back. . . . Trees don't grow to heaven overnight. . . . He grew, but he didn't swell under fame; that's an expression I first heard from Woodrow Wilson. . . . Forgive me, I don't follow you—you see, when I was a small tyke, I got the malaria fever in the canebrakes down South, and that made me a little slow-witted. . . ." He balances these vulgarisms with a decent amount of literature and Latin. Sixty years ago, when he was a student, he could read and converse in five languages—English, German, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—and he has a somewhat frightening memory. Now and then, in the summer of 1903, after he had made his first three million dollars on Wall Street, he would stand in the window of his office, at 111 Broadway, looking at Trinity graveyard, across the way, and recite all the hundred and twenty-eight lines of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Talking with an American friend in Vichy one day in 1934, while taking the baths, he spoke of how, Antaeus-like, he derived strength from the soil (specifically Hobcaw Barony), and then digressed in the conversation to note that he had not thought of Antaeus since 1889, when he graduated from the College of the City of New York. In October, 1946, fifty-seven years after graduation, when Cardinal Spellman got him to memorialize Alfred E. Smith at a dinner, he considered using a phrase he remembered from a course in Horace—"*ad unquem factus homo* [a man to the fingertips]"—but then, worried lest this characterization could have a slightly rakish connotation, he called up a Latin professor at C.C.N.Y., found that his suspicion might be justified, and thought better of using the phrase. His everyday chatter is decorated with phrases like "*inter ea*," "*pari passu*," and "*et alii*," or, familiarly, "*et al.*"

Baruch is aggressive in argument. He has always been a fighter, both physically and intellectually. Some of his gumption was indoctrinated in him very early in life by Mannes Baum, a merchant in Camden, whose first name was taken by Baruch's parents for their son's second. Baum, though small in stature, once triumphed over a very large assailant, who had nicked his scalp two or three times with an iron hoe and then had grappled with him, by biting the attacker's thumb off just as the big man was beginning to gouge one of his eyes out. "Never stand an insult, boy," Baum said to his namesake whenever he saw him. It was Bernard who turned the tide in the gang warfare in Camden in favor of the "uptown" gang—to which Bernard and his three brothers belonged—and against the much rougher "downtown" gang, by prying the spokes from a wagon wheel, arming his colleagues, and laying a rather sanguinary ambush. At C.C.N.Y., Baruch was haled before General Alexander Stewart Webb, then the president of the college—who had defended the Bloody Angle at Gettysburg for the Union Army—for beating up another student. Baruch explained that his adversary had called his mother a vile name. General Webb said that he would have to suspend Baruch from college for a time, but he softened the blow by saying that Baruch was the sort of honorable young man who ought to go to West Point. Years later, during an argument with him in the White House, Franklin Roosevelt protested, "Bernie, you're so stubborn." Baruch just smiled a steady smile that said, eloquently but respectfully, "Look who's talking," and finally Roosevelt threw his head back and roared.

Even when fighting, Baruch has always manifested a chivalric gallantry and kindness, as well as a concern for appearances. He is a gentleman. He still has in his library a copy of "Oliver Twist"—given him when he was eleven, shortly after his family moved to New York, by his teacher in P.S. 69, Katherine Blake—with the inscription "Awarded to Bernard Baruch for Gentlemanly Conduct and General Excellence. June 1881." Baruch's mother, whenever she saw him off to a party, said to him, "Remember, son, the blood of princes flows in your veins. No one is any better than you, but you are no better than anyone else until you prove it." Mrs. Baruch, whose maiden name was Wolfe, claimed descent from King David, and the Baruch side of the family believed it was descended from Baruch the Scribe, to whom is attributed the Book of Baruch, in the Apocrypha, a book that goes all out for wisdom and the law. Baruch has a noble face, and he stands up straight, head lifted. He usually wears stiff, high collars and rather formal suits and ties. When he made his first big money, before he was thirty, he immediately bought a Prince Albert, a silk hat, and a cane. Even on fairly sporty occasions, he wears a Phi Beta Kappa key—an honorary one, awarded him for his work in the first World War. He has always kept automobiles suitable to his station. His first car was a twelve-horsepower Panhard that had won a Paris-Bordeaux race; his second was a Mercedes with a yellow body, which cost twenty-two thousand dollars and was so spectacular that it got his picture in the papers for the first time; at the Versailles Peace Conference he had a black-and-white Rolls-Royce limousine with wicker pants on it; now that he is an elder statesman, he rides in a modest black Cadillac. His vanity is sometimes admirable. Once, in the early days of the New Deal, he went to a formal party in Washington in the company of one of the original Brain Trusters. The Brain Truster became separated from Baruch, and then could not find him. Another guest reported that, shortly after the two men had come in, a voice which must have been audible to Baruch had





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ETHEL MERMAN
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MICHAEL NEWELL • OWEN HOLDER
DOROTHY HAMILTON • LEONARD MICHELL
FRANK ALLENBY
Directed by GLEN BYAM SHAW
Decor by MICHAEL WEIGHT
EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & Broadway
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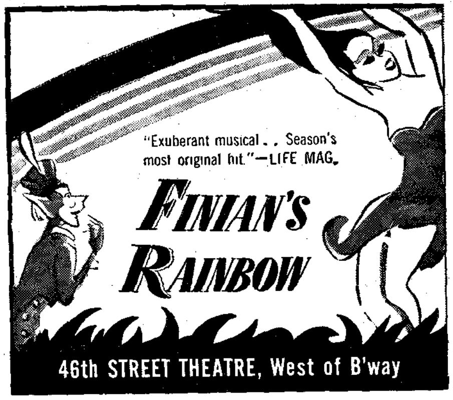
"Exuberant musical . . Season's most original hit."—LIFE MAG.
FINIAN'S RAINBOW
46th STREET THEATRE, West of B'way

said, "I see they're asking Jews to these parties nowadays." Baruch had left. The Brain Truster hurried to Baruch's apartment and found him there, looking furious. "See here, Bernie," the Brain Truster said, "this is silly. You were the handsomest man at the party. Your tails fit better than anyone else's. There was no one so tall, so vigorous, so alert, and with so much to be proud of as you." Baruch grinned. "Did you really think," he asked, "that my tails hung better than anybody else's?"

A great advantage Baruch enjoys when he pleads a cause or gives advice is that he seems to be the father of the person to whom he is talking. He manages this parental air even when swaying senators no more than ten years his junior. He talks a lot about his own father, who was evidently a man of towering character. When, at the age of thirty-two, Baruch, already a multimillionaire speculator, opened an office of his own for the first time, his father sent him a picture of himself with a message on it: "Let unswerving integrity always be your watchword." Baruch was also fortunate in his young days in that he was taken up by a succession of men who stood for him, as he might say, *in loco parentis*. The most influential of these was Thomas Fortune Ryan, who put a number of plums in his way, and another was Arthur A. Housman, a broker who was his employer for several years. Perhaps it is this abundant schooling by quasi-fathers that has given Baruch such a knack for bringing other people up, if only in fifteen-minute conversations. He has a son and two daughters, but he has taken on, as well, a number of part-time children. Among these, at various times and in varying degrees of devotion, have been Billy Rose, Langdon Post, Hugh S. Johnson, Max Gordon, Ferdinand Eberstadt, Clare Boothe Luce, Samuel Lubell, John Hancock, John Golden, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Herbert Bayard Swope. Many of them take his paternalism very seriously. Billy Rose, for instance, carries all of what he calls his "razzmatazz problems"—that is to say, all questions requiring fatherly advice—to Baruch. Last May, Rose made arrangements to buy the Longchamps chain of restaurants; the deal, the biggest of a life already much concerned with bigness, was to involve a base purchase price of $3,987,219.21. Just before signing the papers, Rose took them to Baruch and proudly showed them to him. Baruch asked, "How much time do you devote to your theatre, your column, your night club, and your wife?" Rose added up the hours these various interests cost him altogether each day: eighteen and a half. Baruch asked, "How much time does that leave for sleep and sandwiches and this new business?" "About five and a half hours." "I see. And how much money will you make out of these restaurants?" Rose said he was sure the chain could clear a million a year, before taxes. Baruch said, "I happen to know how much money you have. It'll take you till 1970 to spend your old money before you get around to spending this new money." Rose went right home and called the whole deal off.

LUCKILY, considering how busy he is, Baruch has a genius for relaxation. He sleeps deeply and usually falls asleep within ten minutes of getting into bed, and he is able to take quick noonday naps. He has found many ways of enjoying himself. Hobcaw Barony has afforded him uncommon pleasures. The estate is a tract of twenty-three thousand low-lying acres on and near Waccamaw Neck, across from Georgetown, South Carolina. It teems with game. In what used to be rice fields and in the swamps around them, there are, in season, jacksnipe, quail, and duck; in the woods, wild turkey, woodcock, deer, boar, opossum, coon, and fox; and in the streams and bays, bream, trout, sea bass, mullet, flounder, sheepshead, whiting, bluefish, and shad. Baruch is still a fair shot, and when he was younger he spent a great deal of time hunting. He is almost anxiously gregarious, and Hobcaw has given him opportunities to have good company of his own. Chance fascinates him, and he has gambled, ever since he has had a coin to gamble with, on horses, roulette, faro, baseball games, croquet, mah-jongg, cards, and, if there was any doubt over it, the time of day. He has always been enthusiastic about the company of, or even the mere contemplation of, beautiful women. When he was in college, he visited as often as he could a theatre in New York called Niblo's Garden, where, one season, he repeatedly went to see the young ladies in tights—then considered extremely daring—in "The Black Crook." One summer day, while sailing stripped to the waist on the Shrewsbury River, in New Jersey, he was showing off his muscles and his seamanship by shaving a dock called Price's Pier as closely as he could, when he heard a woman's voice comment favorably on his figure; he looked up, saw a dazzling creature on the pier, and nearly capsized his

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Adapted by ROBINSON JEFFERS
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"Imaginative, Flaring Drama"—Atkinson, Times
JOHN GIELGUD in
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Atkinson, Times
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A New Play by
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"Our advice would be to run, not walk (as Woollcott used to say) to see the Paul and Grace Hartman revue, 'Angel in The Wings', which is one long laugh from beginning to end."
—DANTON WALKER, News
THE Hartmans
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"Eloquent, fresh and surprising humor"
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BROCK PEMBERTON presents
FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
JOE E. BROWN in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with MARION LORNE
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
Playing ST. LOUIS—through Jan. 31

boat. The lady was Lillie Langtry. Bernard's older brother Hartwig, though his family wanted him to be a rabbi, took up acting for a while and won favor as the leading man for Olga Nethersole, who invented the Nethersole Kiss, subsequently abbreviated to the Soul Kiss. Because of him, Bernard developed a lively interest, which he has always maintained, in the theatre and its population.

One day in 1889, while strolling along a sidewalk with a friend, Baruch saw a young lady who was so attractive to him that he made tireless inquiries about her, until he learned that she was a Miss Annie Griffen, of 41 West Fifty-eighth Street. Not long afterward he literally waylaid her in front of her house, tipped his hat, and asked if he was addressing Miss Griffen. She said, "No indeed!," and ran into the house. However, he later met her formally, courted her, and married her, in spite of the opposition of her Gentile parents. The marriage worked out well. Like Baruch's mother, Mrs. Baruch spent much of her time on philanthropies. She kept out of public life as much as possible, except as a hostess. She died in 1938.

Baruch's nurse, Miss Higgins, was his constant companion from the time of his mastoid operation until she was married, two years ago. Since then, Miss Helen Navarro, a nursing-school graduate who was recommended to Baruch by Billy Rose, has been his nurse, and she has given him gentle, placid, professional attention; besides keeping watch over his physical condition and needs, she picks lint off his suits as he talks, carries spending money for him, rides horseback with him, eats with him, jokes with him, and supplies him with new batteries for his hearing aid. Next to Mrs. Baruch, however, the most important woman in Baruch's life, in many ways, has been Miss Mary Boyle, a delicate, elegant lady who has been his secretary since 1904 and who is marvellously vigilant over his affairs.

ABOVE everything else, in carrying on his favorite occupation of giving his country advice gratis, Baruch has been aided by the clarity of his mind and his capacity for work. He learned quite early that the only way to make money on the stock market was to study hard, assimilate all that he studied, and let the logic of his facts, more than the pull of his instincts, guide him. In his famous memoranda to President Roosevelt, he leaned heavily upon the minds of others, and he demand-

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The Nation's Laugh Hit!
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"I RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY."
Wolcott Gibbs, The New Yorker
FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE presents
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by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
with Patricia COLLINGE
Production by JED HARRIS
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ed of those minds—often with what seemed to be truculence and imperiousness—that they apply themselves to facts as carefully as he considers that he has done. The men upon whom he has most consistently relied since the early thirties have been Herbert Bayard Swope, Hugh S. Johnson, Ferdinand Eberstadt, and John Hancock. Baruch acknowledges that he owes his father the greatest debt, for having trained him to work hard. One evening when he was a boy, he and his parents were sitting in the parlor of their home. Mrs. Baruch said to him, "I'm not worried about you, Bernard. God will bless you and watch out for you." Dr. Baruch, who was reading a newspaper, rattled it impatiently, peered at his son over his glasses, and growled, "That's all very well, boy, but you'd better get out and hustle just the same." "Baruch" is a Hebrew word, meaning "blessed." Baruch has been uncommonly blessed—with a redwood durability that has carried him to his threescore and seventeen years and the hope of many another, with wisdom, good looks, and an enormous and strong body, with a tendency toward gentlemanly deportment and general excellence, with a terrible passion to be right, with a talent for the riches that he sought and found and compounded, and with a conviction that a small corner of history belongs incontestably to him. Despite these gifts, he has always hustled. —JOHN HERSEY

(*This is the last of a series of three articles.*)

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Diary of Philip Hone," edited by Allan Nevins.*]

Saturday, February 18, 1837.—Never yet have I known so dear a market as the Fulton was this morning. It had the appearance of famine, although Saturday, when the country always sends in its produce, there was plenty of beef at eighteen cents per pound, but of poultry and veal and such things there did not appear to be a day's supply for the table of the City Hotel. What is to become of the laboring classes? The mechanic who has a family does not do so well now with eighteen shillings per day as he did when his wages were only twelve shillings. I record for future observation the cost of my marketing this morning. I could not do with less. It may cease to be a wonder hereafter, for aught I know, but it is ruinous now:

A bass weighing 14 pounds	$2.50
Two small turkeys	3.50
Three pairs chickens, 4 pounds each	3.37
One pair partridges	1.00
Ordinary hindquarter veal, 21 lbs.	3.94
Neck and breast mutton, 12 lbs.	1.50
Six sweetbreads	1.50
	$17.31

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FOOLPRUF UNDERCOAT, .75
ARDENA NAIL LACQUER, 1.00
ARDENA FABRIC NIGHT GLOVES, 3.00
prices plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden

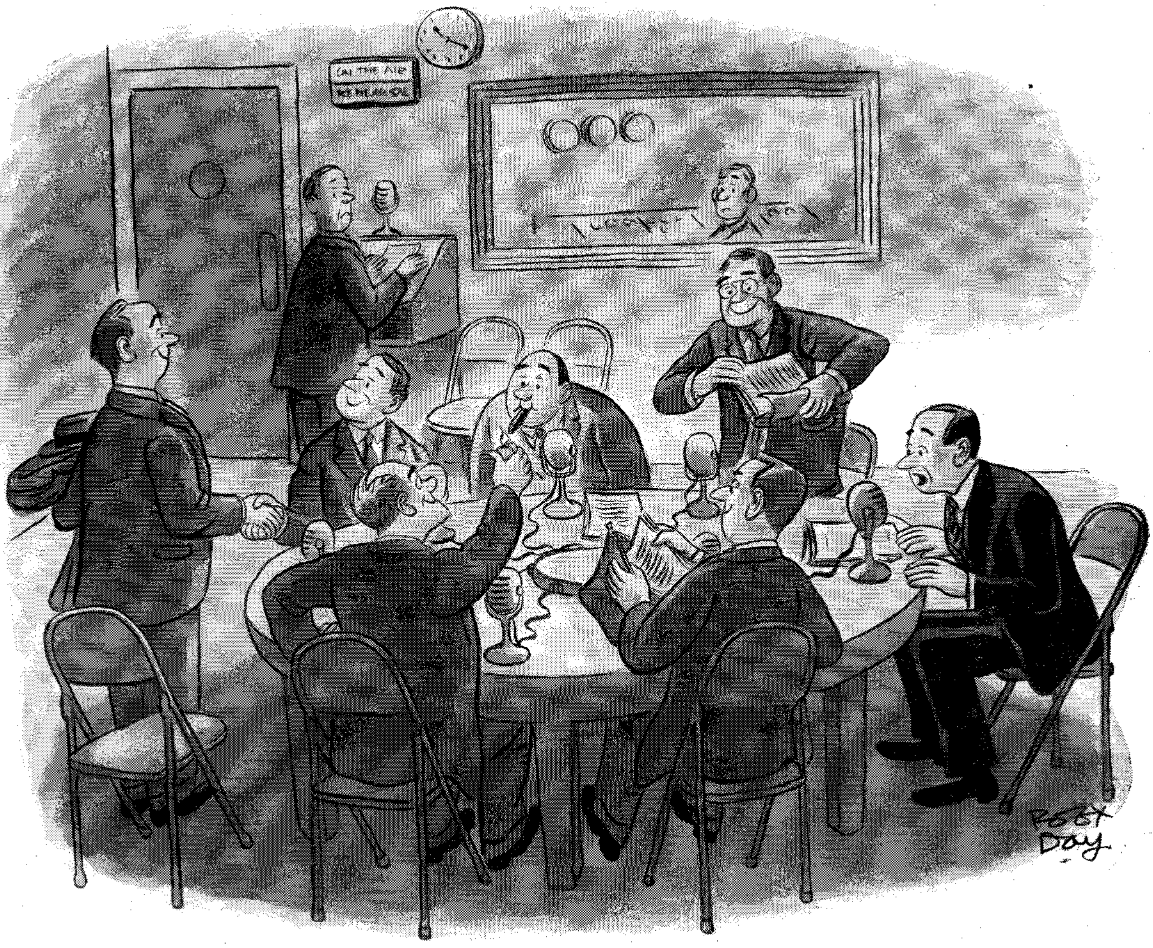
THE THEATRE

ROUGH STUFF

SINCE the exact intention of Elizabethan comedy often escapes me, I am grateful to Mr. Brooks Atkinson, of the *Times*, who has formally classified "Volpone" as a "bitter satire." I take this to mean that in his opinion Ben Jonson originally wrote a scornful attack on human avarice, along, of course, with a good deal of ribald comment on the sexual habits of all foreigners, especially Venetians. I'm sure this is a correct analysis, but it is pretty hard to reconcile with what is now going on up at the City Center, where a gifted company is playing "Volpone" as the first item in a projected program of repertory. These agile people—the ringleaders are José Ferrer, Richard Whorf, John Carradine, Fred Stewart, Le Roi Operti, Phyllis Hill, and Paula Laurence—have quite a time with love, which they seem to have confused somewhat with football or jujitsu, but if their activities have anything in particular to do with satire, it isn't visible to me.

In attempting to define the peculiar quality of their performance, my colleagues have resorted to various comparisons: Mr. Ferrer and his associates have attacked the Elizabethan drama in much the same spirit as that in which Bobby Clark massacred Molière and Sheridan; they may remind you of the Marx Brothers or the Keystone Cops or, more accurately, the Keystone Cops as they are portrayed in that ballet in "High Button Shoes;" the flavor of the evening has a lot in common with "Charley's Aunt" or Christopher Morley's memorable production of "The Black Crook." These references, I'm afraid, are not supposed to be entirely complimentary—Mr. Atkinson, for instance, concedes that "Volpone" needs a kick in the pants but is doubtful about the wisdom of kicking it quite so violently or so continuously—but at least they give you the general idea. The plot, as you know, is tangled almost beyond belief, and the treatment it gets at the City Center does nothing to clear things up, since whenever Mosca or Voltore or Corbaccio or Corvino starts to explain his terribly intricate schemes for getting Volpone's money, the rest of the cast takes this as a signal to jump up and down and yell and whack one another with whatever movable objects happen to be lying around the stage. This physical exuberance, assisted by scenery and costumes that have a wild, roughhouse humor of their own, is undoubtedly pretty hard on the satirical aspects of the script, but in spite of the complaints of the traditionalists, I think it makes fine, low-minded entertainment. Slapstick, of course, is not the only way to play "Volpone" these days—there is a French film around town that gets some wonderful effects on an altogether different level of comedy—but it is certainly one way, and I wouldn't be surprised if it were the best.

Of the players mentioned above, Mr. Ferrer and Mr. Whorf behave most outrageously—after a scene in which Mr. Ferrer simulates mortal agony while Mr. Whorf sprays him with a sixteenth-century Flit gun, there's nothing I'd put past either of them—but there is a lot to be said for all the rest. In fact, I haven't seen so many good actors so



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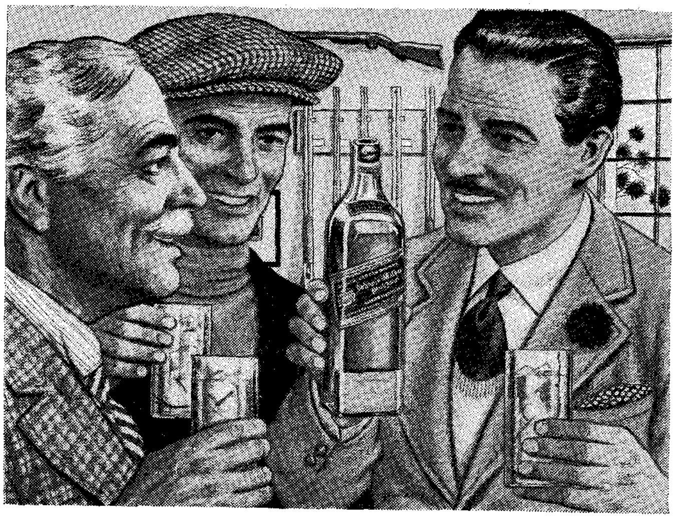

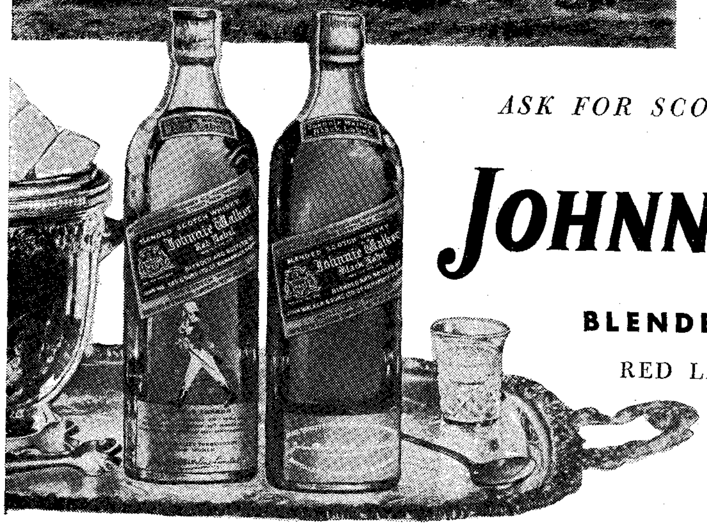
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enthusiastically and hilariously imitating bad ones for a long, long time.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.
(POSTURE DIVISION)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. MORSE. A parliamentary inquiry, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER (MR. LODGE in the chair). The Senator will state it.

MR. MORSE. I have been observing the various positions which I have been taking in the course of this speech, and I wonder if it would be proper for me to inquire whether it is all right for me to lean against this desk so long as I keep my feet on the floor.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Rule XIX provides as follows:

When a Senator desires to speak he shall rise and address the Presiding Officer.

The verb "rise" is the verb which the Senator must observe in this case.

MR. MORSE. Is it the opinion of the Chair that when I lean against this desk and keep my feet on the floor I have risen?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair is not going to have an opinion on that question until the point is raised regarding it.

MR. MORSE. I shall be very careful, Mr. President. I do want to say, however, for the benefit of the present occupant of the chair, that earlier in my speech—it was much earlier than I thought—the question was raised by my good friend the Senator from Maine [MR. BREWSTER], who has left the floor, I see. I do not blame him. He stated, when I leaned forward on these books with the very obvious purpose of making my speaking a little more restful, that I was in violation of the rule, and the then occupant of the chair ruled that I was not in violation of it. So I am in this predicament now, as to whether I need to raise this inquiry as the occupancy of the chair changes from time to time.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair does not consider that the last statement constitutes a parliamentary inquiry. The Chair will meet the issues as they are brought up, if they are brought up, in accordance with rule XIX which the Chair has just quoted.

MR. MORSE. I do not mean to be facetious; I am in dead earnest about it.

I should like to put another parliamentary inquiry, and I am in dead earnest about it also.

I should like to know, after having received a favorable ruling as to my right to lean on these books so long as I kept my feet planted on the floor, whether I will thereafter have to run the risk of a reversal of that ruling upon a change of Presiding Officers.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. The only language on the subject is rule XIX, which the Chair has already quoted, but will quote again:

When a Senator desires to speak he shall rise and address the Presiding Officer.

The Chair will be guided by that language when, as, and if the issue is raised.

MR. MORSE. I just wanted to make my record on it.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. I think the Senator has made his record.

THE ART GALLERIES

Edward Hopper and Jackson Pollock

IN addition to being one of the most accomplished of modern American painters, Edward Hopper, who is having his first exhibition in four years, at the Rehn Galleries, is also one of the slowest workers. Now in his middle sixties, he has been painting for over forty years, yet his total output numbers only eighty canvases and two hundred water colors—less than what the average artist would turn out in a decade—and he has become so meticulous that his production has recently been diminishing. It may well be that in the end a single Hopper will be all we can expect in a year, and that we'll feel lucky to get that.

His new show, though small, bulks large for this reason. It is a sort of minor retrospective, containing only eight pieces, two of them dated 1947 (a good year for the artist, apparently), and going back as far as 1935. Although the selection has been fairly casual—in the sense that, quite obviously, no attempt has been made to chart trends or to trace developments—it does give, merely because the paintings included represent a fairly long period, some clues to Hopper's working-out of his method.

There is something mysterious to me about the effects Hopper gets in his painting. It carries more meaning than one can account for; the whole always seems to be more than the sum of its parts. His pictures, cool in color, reticent in design, almost determinedly humdrum and undramatic in subject matter, at first glance appear to be only a step away from the purely illustrative. Yet in the space of that step a mood is created that, in his best pieces, lifts the subject instantly out of its ordinariness (a man mowing a lawn, a couple sitting on the doorstep of a cottage), gives it poetry and momentousness, and sets up strange overtones of suggestion, which continue for as long as one looks at the picture, or even for as long as one remembers it.

Such a painting is the remarkable "New York Movie," with its usherette dreaming at the rear of the theatre, and another is "August in the City," in which an old bay-windowed house and a stretch of sidewalk convey an almost unbearable feeling of summer heat. Neither of these really major works has been included in the show, but there are some only slightly lesser ones to illustrate this curious capacity for evocativeness, while a study of his changes in styles through the years, slight though they are, offers some clues to the way he arrived at it.

Hopper has never been much of an experimenter, or at any rate he has been a cautious one. He began as an Impressionist, and even when he did the first canvas in this show—the "Macomb's Dam Bridge," of 1935—he was still following that technique. Later on, in "Dawn in Pennsylvania," for instance, done in 1942, he became interested in abstraction—to the extent, at least, of strengthening and stiffening his design—and it was not until some time after that, in such pieces as "Cape Cod—October" and "Rooms for Tourists," that he began to pay much attention to realistic detail. He did this without sacrificing design, and I feel that the source of his extraordinary evocativeness lies in the balance he has achieved between the rigidity and monumentality of abstraction and the immediacy and particularity of realism, and in the artistic tensions he has thus created. He never for an instant disturbs that balance, and though his work is full of acutely observed and carefully recorded details, these are not allowed to project themselves out of the picture. Hopper still is enough of an Impressionist to see an entire canvas always as a single experience; no minutiae obtrude to the detriment of the general interest, and in consequence the picture's impact is always solid and coherent. Add to this his almost perfect insight into the poetic value of his subjects and it is plain that he has a fairly formidable artistic equipment. As I've suggested, the collection does not contain his top pictures. The large "Night Hawks," an all-night lunchroom, done in 1942, is the show's most ambitious painting, but it suffers from a certain dryness, or perhaps reticence, that occasionally creeps into his work. There are other excellent pictures in the exhibit, among them the fine side-street scene called "Pennsylvania Coal Town," and "Summer Evening," both of 1947, as well as the mournful little "Cape Cod—October" and the

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"Rooms for Tourists," both already mentioned.

At the Betty Parsons, there is a showing of paintings by Jackson Pollock. Like Stanley William Hayter, who was discussed here a couple of weeks ago, Pollock is a member of that still loosely organized group of artists known as "symbolic Expressionists," and since I went into the characteristics of the school at some length during the Hayter exhibition, I shall merely repeat now that its basis is always in the abstract or the non-objective and the manner is Expressionistic, and that the work represents a style that, though it is still in process of formation, has already attracted a number of intelligent adherents.

Pollock is much harder to understand than most of his confreres. The main thing one gets from his work is an impression of tremendous energy, expressed in huge blobs of color alternating with lacings and interlacings of fine lines. Recognizable symbols are almost nonexistent, and he attempts to create by sheer color and movement the mood or atmosphere he wants to convey. Such a style has its dangers, for the threads of communication between artist and spectator are so very tenuous that the utmost attention is required to get the message through. There are times when communications break down entirely, and, with the best will in the world, I can say of such pieces as "Lucifer," "Reflection of the Big Dipper," and "Cathedral" only that they seem mere unorganized explosions of random energy, and therefore meaningless. I liked, though, his "Full Fathom Five," with its crusted greens and whites overlaid by black swirls, and "Sea Change," while both "Magic Lantern" and the larger "Enchanted Forest" have a good deal of poetic suggestion about them.

—Robert M. Coates

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INFATUATION WITH UNCERTAINTY OF ALMOST EVERYTHING DEPT.

[From *The New Yorker*, December 13, 1947]

Music in My Heart—A little something that may or may not have happened to Tschaikowsky, set to a vulgarization of his music. —*Page 2.*

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310) —Dunninger does a nice job of reading your thoughts, which may or may not fill a long-felt want among your friends. —*Page 4.*

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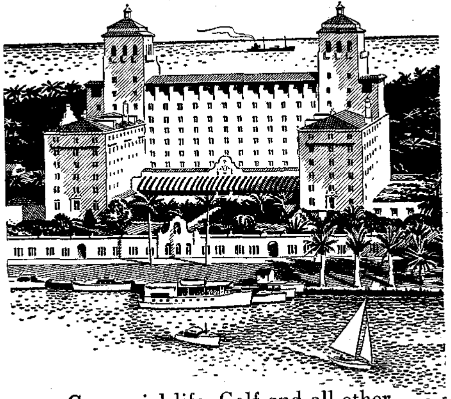

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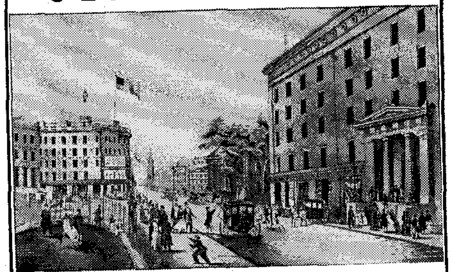

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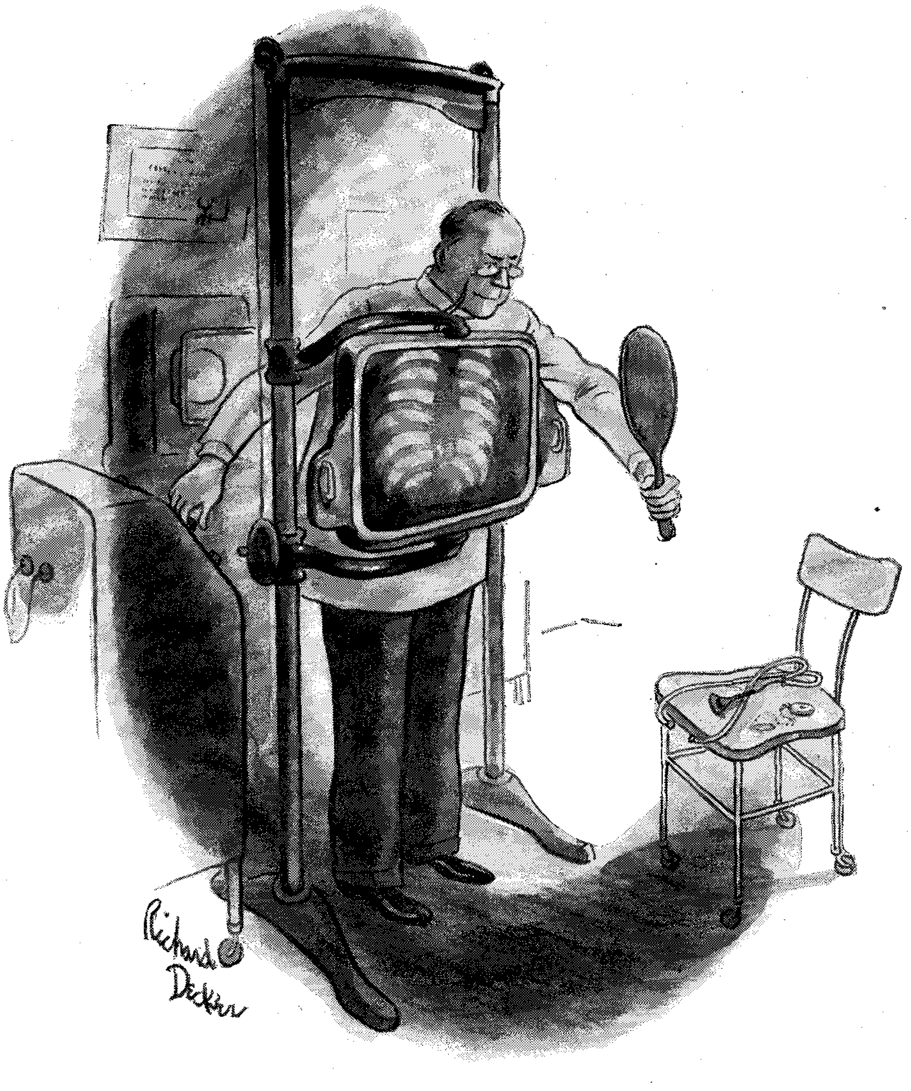
SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON

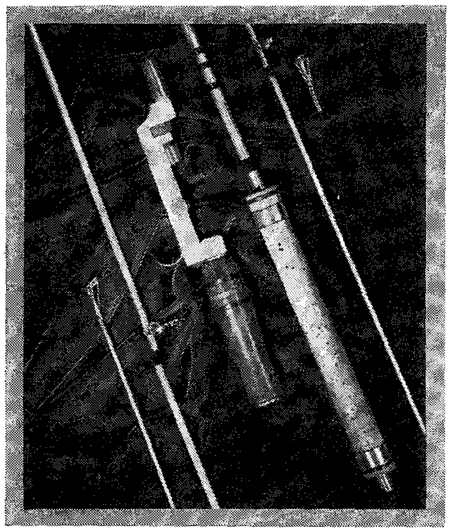
MY grandfather, who is now going on eighty-nine, was just about my present age in 1888, so I was eager to get together with him after the recent meteorological to-do to match my experiences in the storm against his recollections of his earlier experiences. It wasn't until a week after the start of the New Year that I had a chance to drop in on Grandpa at his Manhattan apartment. He said right off the bat that he hadn't paid too much attention to the great snow of '47, having spent December 26th and 27th happily and comfortably absorbed in his fourteenth reading of "Nicholas Nickleby," but—and here he seemed to be following the line that most old-timers, according to the newspapers, hastily adopted when they woke up on the 27th—it was altogether meaningless and misleading to make comparisons in terms of official estimates of totals of snow-inches, and we youngsters couldn't possibly begin to imagine the cutting wind and the biting cold of '88, not to mention the drifts. Ah, those drifts! Why, he said, half closing his eyes, he could remember a ten-foot mountain at the corner of Broad and Beaver—or was it Maiden Lane?—that was so formidable that when a man with a pair of brewery horses tried to . . .

I brashly started to relate my own adventures in Westchester County, where my wife and I and our infant son have been living in a two-story cottage since July, but Grandpa quickly interrupted me. "How come you didn't spend the night of the twenty-sixth on one of those stalled commuters' trains, as everybody else in Westchester did?" he asked sternly. I replied that I hadn't gone to my New York office the day after Christmas, having made plans to do some skiing with my wife. "Didn't go to work!" said Grandpa triumphantly. "When I was your age, I worked twelve hours a day six days a week, and a man who didn't even *try* to get to his office during the Blizzard wouldn't have dared admit it to a stranger, much less to a member of his own family." To change the subject, I asked Grandpa to tell me what he considered the biggest difference—aside, of course, from wind velocity and temperature—between the two storms. "Machines," he said firmly. "In my day, we didn't have Sno-Gos or any mechanical plows, and we didn't have subways, or trucks, or automobiles. You should have seen those brewery horses at Broad and Beaver. The driver was a big, beefy chap in a fur hat that covered his whole face except for his eyes, and there were icicles hanging from his eyebrows that must have reached nearly to his nose, and those horses were snorting like dragons when they breathed, and while I was standing there, next to that twelve-foot drift, the fellow with the icicles down to his chin and I suddenly heard this faint little baby cry come from somewhere, and . . ."

GRANDPA was certainly right about the machines. But for the gasoline engine, my experiences in the great snow of 1947 would have been so embarrassingly trivial that I could hardly have counted on them to lure my own grandchildren to my knee and hold them there, wide-eyed, while, between chuckles, I reminisce. As it is, because of machines, I have some hope of being able to keep the little beggars' mouths agape. December 26th began quietly enough in Scarborough. When my alarm clock went off at eight-thirty and I reluctantly got up (my grandfather has never stayed abed later than seven-fifteen in his life, he often tells me), it was snowing hard, and there were three or four inches of the stuff on the ground, according to an unofficial estimate I made from the bathroom window. I was so little impressed, however, that when I drove to the railroad station at nine to pick up the morning papers, I didn't even stop at the local gas station to have my chains put on. Traffic was flowing smoothly on the old Albany Post Road, which is only twenty feet from our house, and, besides, I had always figured I could put the chains on myself if I needed them, a theory that had never, incidentally, been confirmed. We really do live only twenty feet from the Post Road. A spry crow would hardly have to take to wing to leap from our bedroom, upstairs, to the Post Road. On many nights in the past, in fair weather, when the upstate trucks came thundering down the road on their way to New York, our beds had actually quivered.

Anyway, as the snow piled up that





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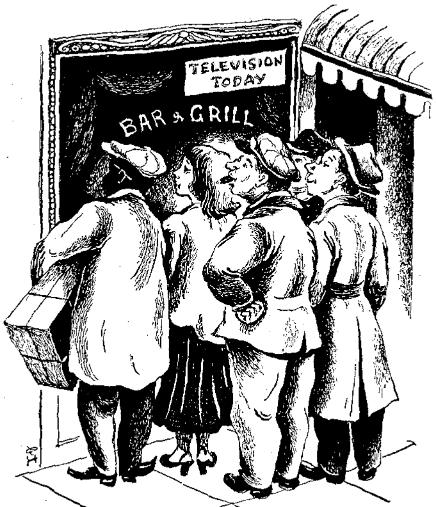
White Friday, we dropped the notion of going skiing, and I kept myself occupied by shovelling a footpath from our front door to our garage, a hundred feet away. Every couple of hours, I went outside and worked on my path, and as the walls of snow flanking it increased in height, I became aware of the seriousness of the situation. On one of my trips to the garage, I tried to put my chains on. No luck. By then, it didn't matter much, because our driveway was already impassable, but I wanted to keep a path clear from the house to the garage; living in a motorized age, I had, I suppose, a blind faith in my machine, and even if the machine couldn't perform its customary services for me, I was determined not to be out of touch with it. So I shovelled diligently through the afternoon and early evening.

My wife fed the baby and put him to bed, and then she cooked dinner. The groceries we had ordered over the telephone that morning hadn't been delivered, but we had enough canned food, we figured, to last us for three or four days. We finished dinner at about nine o'clock, and my wife said she thought she'd wash her hair, and went upstairs. A few minutes later, she called to me to come up, and when I did, she pointed out the bathroom window to the Post Road, where, through the still-falling snow, we could dimly make out a half-dozen motionless vehicles. "Some people are walking around out there," she said, "and it seems to me that I haven't felt any traffic moving for quite a while. Maybe the road's blocked." We put on ski boots and tramped out to the highway. Traffic had stopped, all right, some of it in the middle of the road; trucks and cars were stalled all over the place. As we approached one giant truck-trailer with "Ruppert's Beer" prominently inscribed on it, a fellow got out of the truck cab and shuffled toward us, blowing on his hands. We asked him what was up. Well, he said, he'd been stuck there for a couple of hours. Some other drivers and passengers had taken refuge in a nearby church, he told us, but he had decided to wait around, in the hope that a snowplow would come along and open up the road. While we were talking to him, four other men climbed out of three other trucks, stalled not far away, and walked over. We invited them all in to have a cup of coffee, assuring them that if a plow came by, they'd be able to hear it from our house. They waded back home with us. There were, in addition to the Ruppert man, a man driving a moving van to its base in New Jersey and his helper, a boy of around eighteen; the driver of a tobacconist's truck heading south from Peekskill; and an old man. During the night, which the inadequacies of the machine age were to permit us to spend together, the old man never said anything, so I have no idea who he was or where he was going; all I know about him is that he was, when my wife and I first saw him, entirely blue. He was wearing dark-blue clothes, he had a heavy beard of dark blue, and the unshaven portion of his face was light blue.

When the five men got inside our house, we noticed that the Ruppert man was shivering and that his clothes were wet. He had been fussing with his chains, he said. My wife told him to go up and take a shower and, while his pants were drying, to put on some gray flannel slacks of mine. He didn't want to at first, but she was insistent. I took him upstairs, gave him the pants, and remarked that I'd been having some trouble with my chains, too. Meanwhile, downstairs in the kitchen, my wife had started making coffee and sandwiches. By the time they were ready, the Ruppert man had bathed, changed, and joined the rest of us. After a while, the tobacco man reported that from the bathroom window he'd seen somebody else walking on the Post Road. I went out to investigate and ran into another beer driver—a Schaefer man. I told him he might as well come in and get warm. He seemed reluctant, but when I said that we already had a Ruppert man in the house, he brightened and said that in that case he'd be glad to. Then we saw, staggering toward us through the snow, a woman, two little boys, and a man carrying something wrapped in a blanket—a baby boy, it turned out. The father was a used-car



dealer from Schenectady. They didn't have to be urged to join us. As I was leading this squad past our garage, I saw a flickering light inside it. I went in. The moving-van driver was holding a flashlight, and the Ruppert man, back in his own pants and down on his knees, was putting my chains on my car.

Back in the house, my wife, who had seen us coming, was heating a big caldron of soup. Assorted soup, I guess you could call it, since the ingredients consisted of all the cans we had on hand—one cream-of-asparagus, two split-pea, a vegetable-with-beef, a black-bean, two pepper-pot, and a consommé. When I told her we had another beer-truck man, she reflected for a moment and then insisted that he go upstairs, take a shower, and put on my gray flannel pants. He didn't particularly want to take a shower, and his pants were reasonably dry, but he didn't argue.

The tobacco man soon went to sleep on a living-room sofa, with his hat on. The rest of the group began feeding the three little boys. I went outside to see how everything was going in the garage and, having got that far, decided to make one more survey of the highway. I came back with an Army officer from Virginia, his wife, and their daughter, aged five. By the time we got inside the house, my wife had inserted all the leaves in our dining-room table, put chairs around it, lighted some candles, and turned on the lights on our Christmas tree, and was presiding over a lively supper party, the menu of which included the assorted soup, canned compote of fruit, and some mince pie left over from Christmas. Since there were truck drivers present, the meal began, of course, as well as ended, with coffee.

It was midnight when our group finished drying the dishes. The radio had been announcing repeatedly that driving conditions were terrible, but we all still felt that the road was bound to be opened up soon. A couple of the truck drivers telephoned their dispatchers and said they expected to be rolling again shortly. The Ruppert man put the dishes away. The Schaefer man and the mother of the three boys got into an earnest chat about progressive education. The Army officer revealed that he was in the Signal Corps, and I suggested that he might be able to do something about a defective string of lights on our Christmas tree. He replied, apologetically, that he was a cryptographer. The wife of the Schenectady man told us that her name was Gloria, that her husband's name

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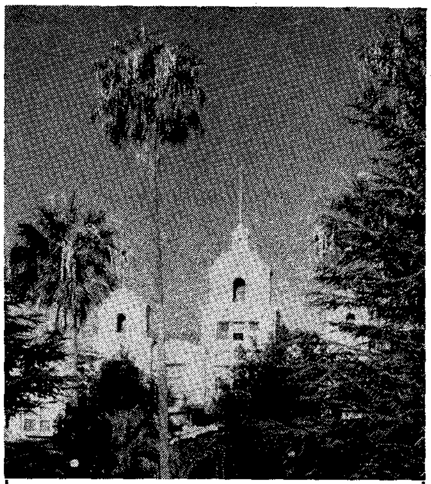
Kenneth Arnold,
General Manager

was George, and that their sons also had six-letter names beginning with "G"—Gerald, Gordon, and Gilroy. My wife seized an opening to tell about how the speeding trucks on the Post Road made our beds rattle at night. The drivers listened thoughtfully, and the moving-van man said, "You know, once a cop stopped one of our boys and dragged him off his seat and into a house along a dip on the Post Road, a house even closer to the highway than yours. The cop didn't say anything to the driver, just shoved him inside the front door, and the driver looked around, and it was awful what he saw—cracked mirrors, and broken cups and plates, and goodness knows what all else—and he thought to himself, 'My God, this might be *my* home,' and he got back on his seat and drove away, and pretty soon the word got around, and not any of us have gone by that house ever since at more than twenty miles per hour."

At twelve-thirty, I called the police and told the sergeant on duty that if he wanted to move any of the nearby vehicles abandoned on the Post Road and couldn't find the drivers, our house would be a likely place to make inquiry. I asked the sergeant when he thought traffic would get going. "Not before morning," he said. I asked him what I should advise the drivers to do. "Tell 'em to stay put," he said. We didn't have quite enough beds, couches, and cots in the house, so three men had to sleep on the floor. My wife got everybody billeted, and at one-thirty she and I decided to go to bed ourselves. Fifteen minutes later, we heard the roar of a motor outside and rushed to a window. A snowplow was lumbering south on the Post Road, weaving in and out among the stalled vehicles. It got abreast of our house, stopped, turned around, and headed back north. I went downstairs, with the idea of reporting that the road was now partly open in one



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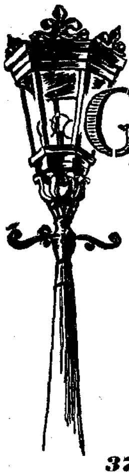

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direction. Everybody was asleep except the Ruppert man, who was fixing the lights on our Christmas tree. I didn't disturb anyone.

My wife and I were awakened by our baby at six-forty-five. I dressed and went downstairs. The Ruppert man and the blue man weren't in sight, but our party was otherwise intact. The tobacco man was still asleep on the sofa; his hat had fallen off, or someone had taken it off. The Schaefer man had two pots of coffee percolating on the kitchen stove, and Gloria was cooking oatmeal. A moment later, the Ruppert man came in from outside; he had been shovelling snow off my footpath. The blue man never did turn up again; he had presumably walked to Ossining. I went out to the Post Road. No cars were moving, but a pedestrian said that he thought it was passable as far as Ossining. I reported this intelligence to our truck drivers, and they called their dispatchers and passed the word along, as if transmitting a front-line message to headquarters. My wife said that we were practically out of food. I made an announcement to this effect, whereupon the truckmen went outside and, with what looked like almost no effort, dug out my driveway. Then they piled into my car and we drove, quite easily, to Ossining, where we picked up a batch of supplies. On the way back, we slithered around a stalled Ruppert truck with a driver sitting in it. My Ruppert man requested me to stop, got out, chatted briefly with the other driver, and then asked me if it would be all right if the fellow came along with us. Ruppert No. 1 explained that Ruppert No. 2 was supposed to be following him into New York and that it wouldn't look good if No. 2 got in ahead of him. When we reached home, I found that my wife had collected two more truck drivers, sporting the colors of the A. & P., who had spent the night on the road, in their cab. One of them was eating breakfast, and the other soon joined him. He had been upstairs taking a shower, and was wearing my gray flannel pants.

WE had lunch at eleven-thirty, and then sat around listening to weather reports on the radio until two o'clock, when the road magically opened up. My wife and I went out to the highway with our guests and waved goodbye to them as they drove off. They all promised to stop in and say hello when they next came by.

By now, everything is almost back to normal at Scarborough. The Post Road has been cleared, and traffic is moving along it at a brisk rate. One odd thing that both my wife and I have noticed, however, is that after dark the trucks don't seem to roar by as fast as they used to; our furniture hasn't trembled since the night of the storm. I'd like to tell my grandfather about this, but I can't get him out of his damned old snowdrift.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

• •

TO A MAJOR PROPHET

All in all, 1948 will mean much for the Communists one way or the other, and the same is true of the forces opposed to them. The year must bring the world nearer to the long delayed peace or put it further away from it. It will not be a static year. —*From the weekly article on international affairs by Edwin L. James in the Times, January 4, 1948.*

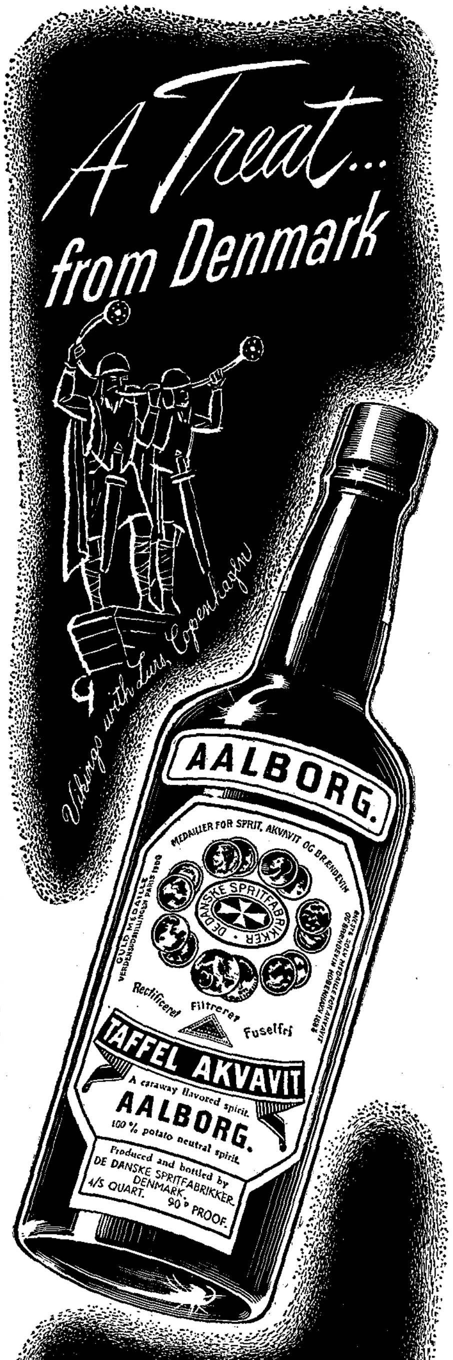
O blessed, firm prophetic voice
That prebeholds events so clearly,
Predicts we'll sorrow or rejoice,
The Russians just the same—or nearly.

Thanks for thus settling every doubt:
This year we'll move to peace—or war;
Backward or forward, in or out,
A lot, a little, less or more.

Merci for the pellucid word
That makes us see we'll lose—or gain;
Nothing that I have seen or heard
Says "either or" so nice and plain.

O happy we who live today
To read each Sunday's cerebrations
Of a prophet bold enough to say
Peace will—or won't—come to the nations.

—IRWIN EDMAN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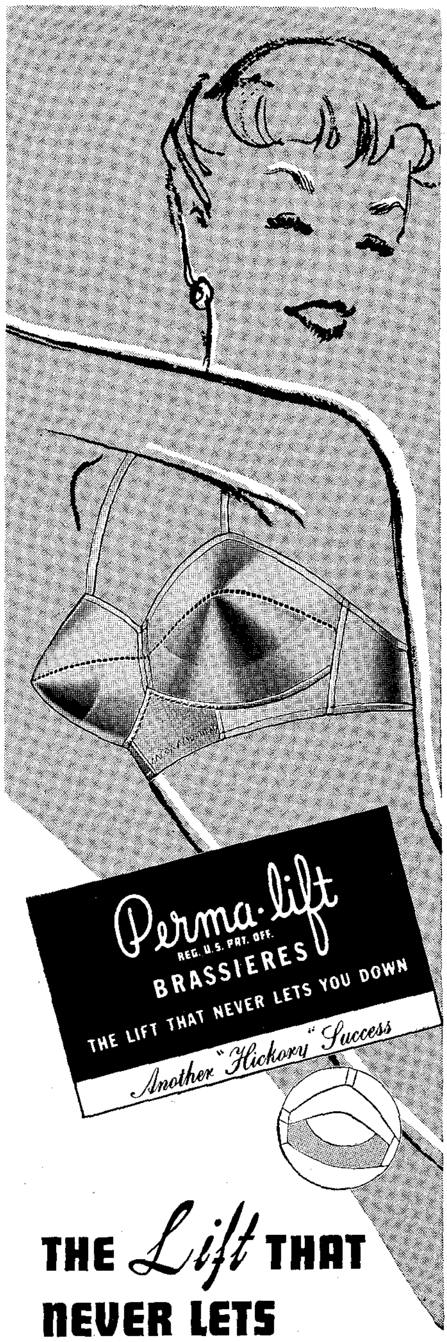

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STRIKE WHILE THE IRON'S HOT

IN sixteen years of managing restaurants Milburn had seen plenty of food spilled on guests, but he had never seen so much spilled at once as came down one afternoon, off a tray unadroitly lowered by a nervous waiter who had been hired during the holiday rush, on a small, dark, gristly man named Philbrick. The victim was ushered, spluttering like a hot faucet, into Milburn's office. He was wiping creamed tuna off his neck and shoulders as he came in. "Nobody gives a damn any more," he said. Stepping over to a wall mirror to inspect himself, he gave a groan of exasperation and pulled off his coat. "Something's going out of people, if you ask me," he said, rubbing vigorously at the sleeve with his handkerchief. When the man had calmed down a bit, Milburn sat down at his desk, asked him his name, and wrote out a check for ten dollars to cover the cost of cleaning. Philbrick took the check, put his coat on, and marched out.

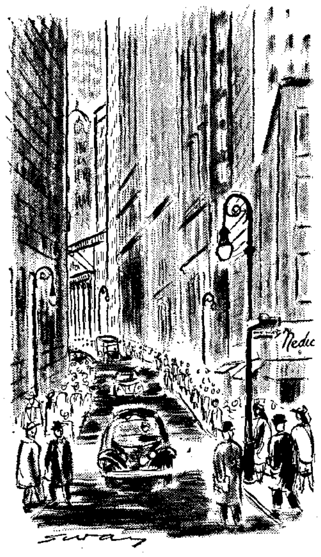
Two days later he was back. "I'm sorry, I can't take this check," he said, laying it on Milburn's desk.

"Oh, now," Milburn said, "it's quite all right."

"No, it isn't that." Philbrick took off his coat and hat and sat down in the chair to which Milburn gestured. He had on a blue pin-striped suit that struck Milburn as simultaneously tidy and tacky, something that had probably been cleaned a score of times. Against the leg of his chair he propped his briefcase. "The thing is, the trouble caused me in your restaurant here Tuesday has had repercussions," he said.

"Oh? How repercussions?"

"Well, as a result I missed out on a very, very important appointment," Philbrick said. "Naturally, I couldn't go to an important business appointment with my clothes the way they were. The employer I wanted to see left town before I could get another interview, so there's no way of recouping my loss."



Milburn tipped back in his swivel chair, crossed his legs, and began to bend a letter knife back and forth in both hands. "Just what kind of a position was it you were to be interviewed for?" he asked.

Philbrick waved out a match with which he had lit a cigarette, and looked around on Milburn's desk. Milburn tipped forward, shoved an ashtray at him with a stiff finger, and tipped back. "Thanks," Philbrick said. "Why, it wasn't about a position. It was about a sale. It was in the bag, but—" He shrugged and gave a little smile. "Washed out, owing to the accident and embarrassment I sustained here through no fault of my own."

"Of course, I'm very, very sorry about the whole horrible incident," Milburn said. "It was an accident, of course, but may I ask just what you have in mind?"

"Well, my loss is two thousand dollars, if you want to put it that way," Philbrick said with a frown, as though the subject of money acutely distressed him. "The sale that was in the bag went to somebody else. My lawyer says I have a case."

"Steady," Milburn told himself, knowing he had flushed. He picked up a matchbox and shook it to see whether there were any matches inside. Then he said: "And he wants you to go ahead and sue us for that amount?"

"Plus mortification," Philbrick said.

"Plus mortification." Milburn studied him a moment with a certain squeamish admiration. "How much worth of that was there, do you figure?"

"He figures another five hundred, the way I described my feelings."

"How would you describe them?"

Philbrick looked over Milburn's head through the window, sighed sharply, and began. "The time was high noon, and the restaurant was full of people. Some of these people knew me. That was one of the things that were so chagrining. Oh, you saw me." He appealed to Milburn with a wave at the door leading to the restaurant. "I wouldn't want to be that publicly humiliated again very soon. I was stultified. So, with the humiliation, that would come to twenty-five hundred. *However,* I might be willing to settle for less, to avoid the bother of court and the further publicity that we both would get. I'd consider settling right now for—oh, say, a thousand."

Philbrick seemed to watch Milburn for the effect of this. Milburn only looked back at him with his large, rather sad brown eyes and nodded, wondering whether the man actually had talked to a lawyer—or actually had had an appointment washed out, for that matter.

"Maybe you're not the man I should be bothering with this," Philbrick said, smiling. "If not, I'll be glad to get out and take my tale to the ears of the owner."

Milburn felt a stab of apprehension. If this guy ever went over his head and got in Schermerhorn's hair, the old man would more than double the grief. No manager who couldn't filter out annoyances like this, or couldn't find competent waiters, was worth the name, to Schermerhorn, a crotchety old German-American who had recently bought the restaurant. What was racing through Milburn's mind was not the question of legal vulnerability but the possibility of some rather comically adverse publicity at a moment when it was devoutly to be avoided. Milburn was phlegmatic and fifty, and didn't want to lose this job. "Of course," he heard Philbrick say, "if I could be compensated for my loss in some *other* way . . ." Milburn glanced down at the briefcase tilted against Philbrick's chair leg. "I'm a reasonable person, and I mean another transaction, say, to make up for the one I lost."

"What do you sell?" Milburn asked with a gentle sigh.

The briefcase was in Philbrick's lap. "Why, I've got a personnel service," he said, unzipping it and drawing out cards about the size of calling cards. "These are designed for insertion in your payroll envelopes. In other words, a morale-building technique," he went on, deftly stringing out on the desk a row of cards, which Milburn read. "Success Is the Dividend on Effort Invested—*and Reinvested*," "If You're a Self-Starter Your Boss Won't Have to Be a Crank," "Keep Your Sleeves Rolled Up and You Won't Get So Much on the Cuff," "There's No Substitute for Push—Not Even Pull," and "Promotion Is Two-Thirds Motion" were among the first that caught his eye. Milburn stared impotently as they multiplied before him. "It's a line of pepigrams, I call them," Philbrick said. "A mighty—"

"A line of what?" Milburn asked, not sure he had heard correctly.

"Pepigrams. Epigrams designed to spur and insp—"

"Yes."

"They're original with me, so you're

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getting an industrial service that's new and fresh." Milburn looked up in surprise but said nothing; maybe it was just the idiom that was familiar.

"Could I show these to someone else?" Milburn asked.

"Certainly, certainly," Philbrick said.

"The man I'd have to see isn't in just now," Milburn said. "Can you leave some samples?"

"Sure. Now, I didn't get to tell you. In addition to your weekly pepigram, each and every employee gets a copy of the Constitution—you'd be surprised how few Americans have ever read the Constitution—and another of the Gettysburg Address. There's special stuff for special occasions—like here's your Fourth of July one." Philbrick held out a card that said this was a healthy country because it had a strong Constitution. "Now you'll want the dope on price," he said. Milburn nodded wearily. "If you want the service for more than a year—say, five—why, you can buy per year, which runs you a lot cheaper. If for a year or less, the rate runs you per pepigram per employee. So how would you want to sign up, do you think—per year or per pepigram?"

Milburn wrapped both hands around the paper knife and closed his eyes. "Per pepigram."

Philbrick took a pencil from his vest pocket and dashed him off an estimate based on the number of employees. "That gives you your fifty-two pepigrams, your Constitution, your Gettysburg Address, and your Christmas wish, plain or slotted, depending on whether you want to insert bonus checks." He poked the pencil back in his vest pocket. "Well, swell. It certainly makes a fellow feel good when you can settle things like reasonable human beings," he said, going over for his coat and hat. "I'm all for coöperation." He gave Milburn a smile by way of conclusion and hunched into his overcoat. "Well, fine. I'll expect to hear from you in a day or two—I hope soon enough for us to start you off fresh soon after the first of the year." His grin now was one of frankly innocent pleasure. "I think I've got a lulu there for the opener."

MILBURN got in to see Schermerhorn as soon as he could that afternoon and laid the samples before him, with a strong recommendation for purchase. "I propose we try it for a year, anyhow—I mean anything to build up morale," Milburn said, walking to the window, leaving the old man

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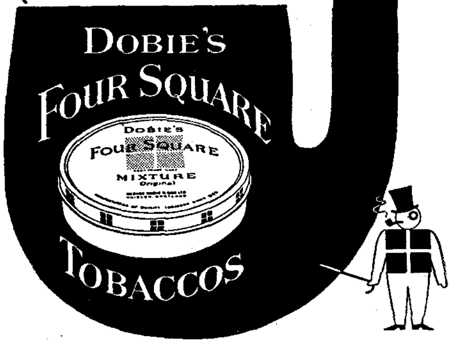

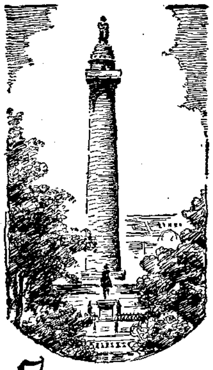

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grimacing against his own cigar smoke as he bent his head intently down and peered through his thick glasses at the top pepigram, which ran "To Turn Stumbling Blocks into Stepping Stones —Pick Up Your Feet!" Milburn turned around at the window. Face to face again with the old man's penetrating eyes and spotless blotters and imported Biedermeier, Milburn had a fresh picture of what could be expected if Philbrick ever got in here. He found himself perspiring as he waited for some response. Finally the old man shrugged and grunted something about trying it for a year. Milburn gathered up the aphorisms and hurried out.

It was shortly after New Year's that Milburn eagerly opened a pay envelope he'd been waiting all morning for, to see whether he'd got a raise he'd requested. He hadn't, but there was something else in with the check, he noticed just as he was about to wad the envelope up and throw it in the wastebasket. It was a bright-red card. He shook it out and read it. "For a Happy and Prosperous New Year—Less Wishbone and More Backbone," it said.

—PETER DE VRIES

•

MODEL HOME

Out in the newest section,
  There stands the Model Home.
It's Open for Inspection
  And glittering with chrome.

Observe the woodwork gleaming,
  Set foot on well-waxed floors,
And see the salesmen beaming
  Beside the smudgeless doors.

The fireplace holds no ashes,
  No soot makes black the edge,
No cobwebs cling to sashes,
  No dust is on the ledge.

Behold the realtor's pennants,
  The newly seeded loam.
It takes a lack of tenants
  To make a Model Home.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

•

Kentucky, it has been expounded on the radio, is the home of shoeless gentlemen who sip mint julips well but spell like drunken telegraphers. This appeared to be partly true in Madison Square Garden last night when Jim Line and Ken Rollins of the Kentucky basketball team showed up in uniforms bearing their University's name spelled thusly—KENTUCKY.—*PM.*

Damn shirts must have been inside out.

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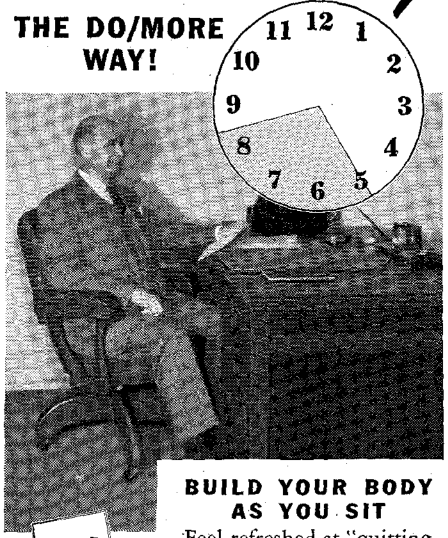

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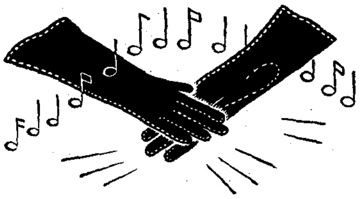

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tristan in a Model A

WESTERN THRILLER

JEAN COCTEAU, who presented us the other day with his version of "Beauty and the Beast," is back again, with "The Eternal Return," an adaptation of the Tristan-and-Isolde legend in which the doomed lovers have been modernized to the point where they get about in a Model A Ford and live in a castle equipped with first-rate plumbing. Under a title borrowed from Nietzsche, Cocteau tries to demonstrate that the romantic situations of the past persistently keep recurring in the present. This may be true, but in the case of Tristan and Isolde, I think that the story is much more effective in its customary medieval setting than in up-to-date surroundings. Cocteau has also changed the names of his hero and heroine to Patrice and Nathalie, but his plot stays reasonably close to the old tale that interested Tennyson, Arnold, and Wagner so much. Here, once more, we have a nephew starting out to find his uncle a bride, getting himself and the lady in trouble with a magic potion, and winding up by cuckolding his relative after his mission has been completed. To supplement the uncle and the lovers, Cocteau has dragged in an unlikely trio of family connections, one of them a revolting dwarf. Just what these dreary hangers-on are supposed to contribute to the proceedings, I don't know. They are conspicuous throughout, though, and very bothersome. For that matter, all the characters are rather wearing after a few minutes. As the star-crossed Patrice and Nathalie, Jean Marais and Madeleine Sologne have the stiff, lacquered appearance of Madame Tussaud's creations, and as poor old Uncle Marc, Jean Murat seems coldly bored with everything that happens. The dialogue Cocteau has cooked up reveals again his lamentable weakness for footless reiteration, which made "Beauty and the Beast" something less than exciting. Proper names are said over and over to no purpose; at times the sound track seems to have got stuck, endlessly repeating "Patrice" and "Nathalie." This is fierce stuff to have to listen to, but it's preferable to the bird calls that Nathalie employs to summon Patrice to her dormer window. Cocteau follows Matthew Arnold in insisting that there

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were two Isoldes—one Tristan's own true love, the other a girl he fell in with after being separated from his uncle's bride. In "The Eternal Return," the second Isolde (or Nathalie) is a girl who lives in an apartment over a garage run by her brother. Come to think of it, this touch—and the Model A and the modern plumbing—seem plain ridiculous, and that's not a word one likes to associate with Cocteau. Every now and then, the film offers some fine photography, but the direction is so ponderous that most of it is wasted.

ACCORDING to "Women in the Night," it's only by the grace of God and the good offices of the O.S.S. that the United States defeated Japan. It appears that the Germans were trying to deliver to the Japanese a cosmic death ray, an item so horrifying that it would make the atomic bomb seem as harmless as a peashooter. The working model and formula for this hellish contraption are in the hands of a Major von Arnheim, of the German Chemical Warfare Services. This Major is made out to be a mysterious chap all through the picture, but early in the game I had him set dead to rights as one of our gumshoe boys. Besides the foolishness about the death ray, the film includes some shots of ladies held prisoner by the Japanese. My sympathy for them was somewhat diminished by the fact that not one of them could act properly terrified. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

If a girl permits herself to be tied to a buzz-saw platform with a rotating saw close by, because she is too virtuous to buy off her own horrible death with a favor which is very slight and unimportant in comparison with death itself, and she is too Victorian ladylike, to boot, to even struggle to prevent this, the incident is the purest of melodrama; but if she permits herself to be tied to the buzz-saw platform in an experiment to see whether past heroines of melodrama *could* have been so effectively tied—and her co-operator in the experiment forgetfully walks off, during the experiment, because of his own love or money troubles, and accidentally leaves the buzz-saw running, the incident is *not* melodramatic.—*From an article by Harry Stephen Keeler in Writers' Markets & Methods.*

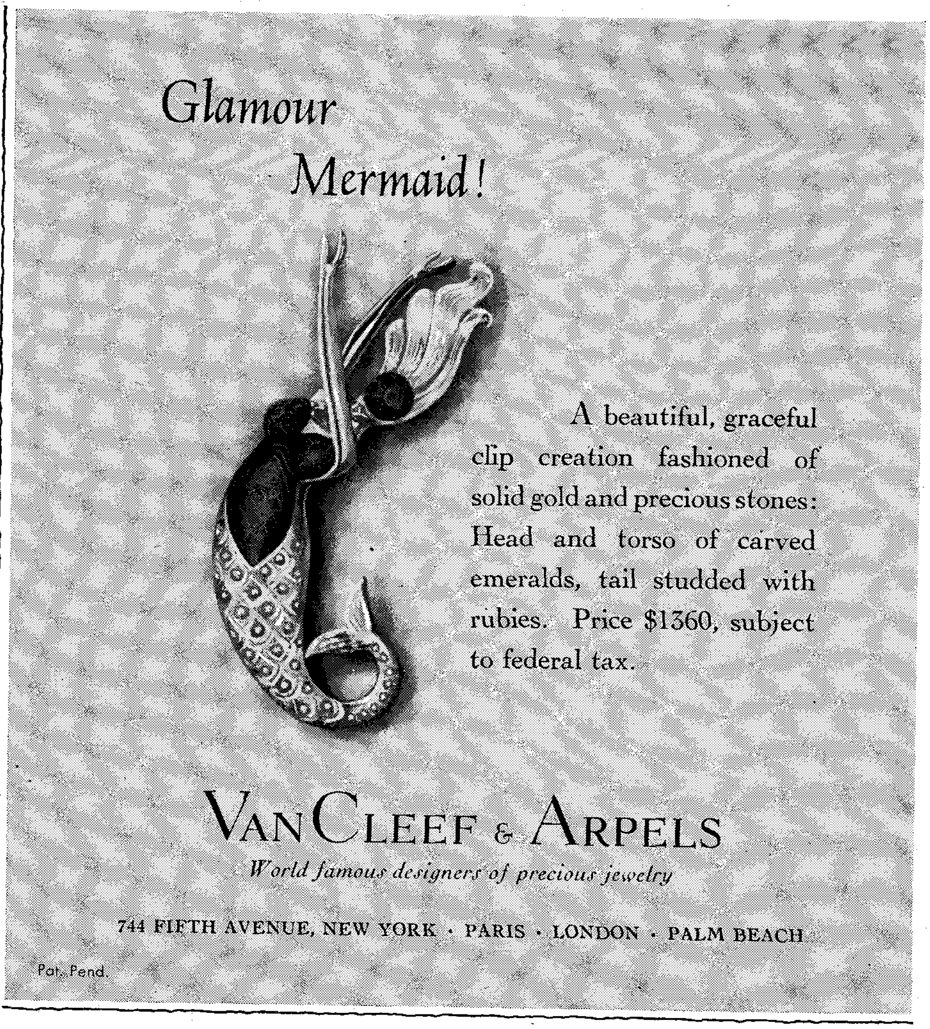
Nevertheless, it's kind of piquant.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Prague (Czechoslovakia) News Letter*]

Black Market profits, i.e. profits exceeding Kčs 300 thousand during two years, will be taxed by 100%, which means virtual confiscation.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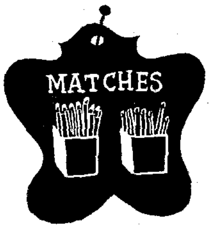
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

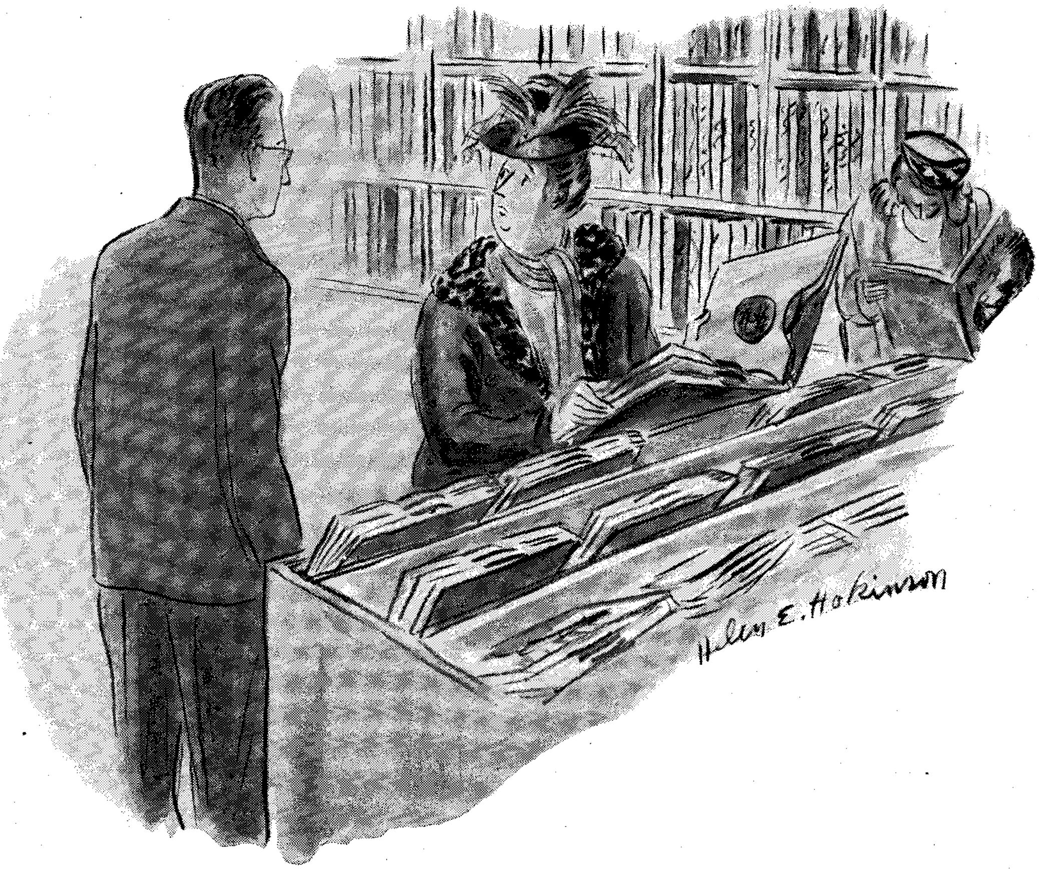


THERE is no doubt about it; that engaging, unpretentious style of decoration known as peasant, which got off to such a lighthearted start in this country about twenty years ago, has rather gone to seed in department stores and the artier shops. Consequently, it is good to report that a few examples of the original cheerful style have turned up at Samuel Fields, 684 Lexington Avenue (56th). The shop's principal business is in French antiques of considerable flourish, but here and there, mostly tucked away on the dusty fourth floor, are specimens of old painted cottage furniture miles removed from the smug modern stuff decorated with arch adaptations of the *primitif*. You will find, for instance, about half a dozen eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century painted Swiss beds that are first-rate representations of the folk art that once flourished in the German-speaking communities of St. Gall. The decoration was usually done by itinerant artists, who, in return for a couple of days' lodging, would embellish a cottager's handmade furniture with scenes from his family life. One such piece in the Fields collection is a canopied bridal bed with a painted headboard on which are small pictures of the bride and groom and the date 1806. The wooden canopy, whose deeply recessed panels are decorated with a floral design, rests upon a tall headboard and two posts that rise from a very low footboard. The price is $375. Beds without canopies (most of them made in the early nineteenth century) cost less. On the headboard of one of these ($275), the seasons are portrayed against a green background. The shop also has a child's crib, reconstructed along modern lines from an old bed, for $225.

A number of quite lovely painted cupboards include a handsome Pennsylvania Dutch combination cupboard and sideboard, of about 1760, that, in design and execution, is difficult to distinguish from similar European furniture; $275. A long plate rack rests on the cupboard, which has two small doors and is painted various shades of green and ivory and decorated with domestic scenes. Four good-sized ventilating holes in the doors indicate that this was a kitchen piece and used for storing bread.

Painted furniture is, of course, a rather special taste, and it may leave you cold. It is hard to believe, though, that anybody who cares at all about fine cabinetmaking will not be interested in the Fields collection of undecorated tables, which were probably originally used in farm kitchens but are of such handsome woods and simple designs that they would go well even in moderately formal surroundings. One seventeenth-century Swiss table, large enough for perhaps six people, is of the sawbuck type and somewhat similar to our New England ones, though the beautiful fruitwood of which it is built makes it look much more elegant; $225. Another seventeenth-century Swiss table, slightly larger and $275, is of hard pine, with a border of shallow carving around the top; a broad, carved apron, and legs that end in solid, curiously fashioned feet, give it a somewhat Gothic air, but not with any serious sacrifice of grace. You might have a look, too, at a couple of almost twin eighteenth-century three-legged English tavern tables, of the type sometimes called cricket tables, with stretchers forming a triangle between the legs. They are made of superb dark oak, cost $125 each, and are just the right size to serve a breakfast for two very cozily. Much of this furniture hasn't the final showroom finish, but Fields, of course, undertakes to put everything in first-class shape in the shop's workrooms before delivery.

ANOTHER repository of this rural minor style is the studio of Liebhold-Wallach, at 57 East 57th Street, where there are some disarming pieces of Bavarian and Swiss household furniture. Among them are a number of interesting Swiss cupboards. One, made in 1800 and priced at $260, is painted a typical blue-green, on which a pleasant faded-red design of tied-back draperies is sketched in lightly. It has



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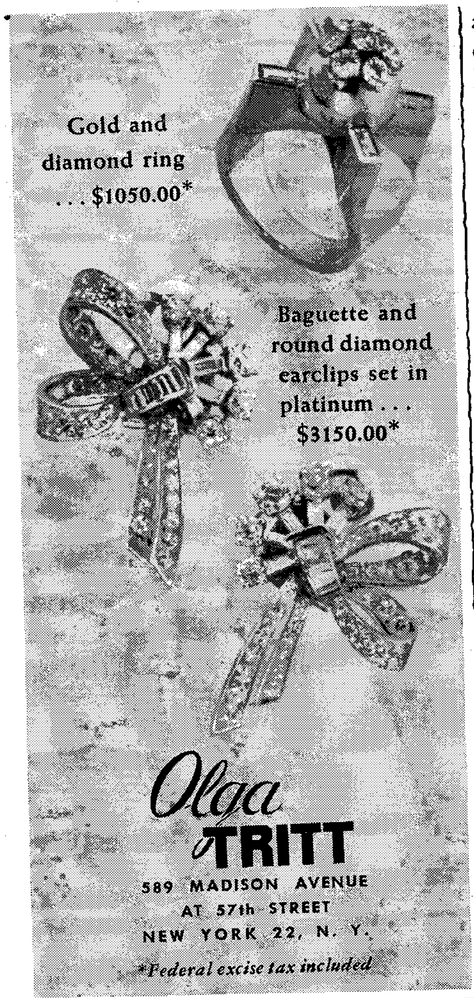
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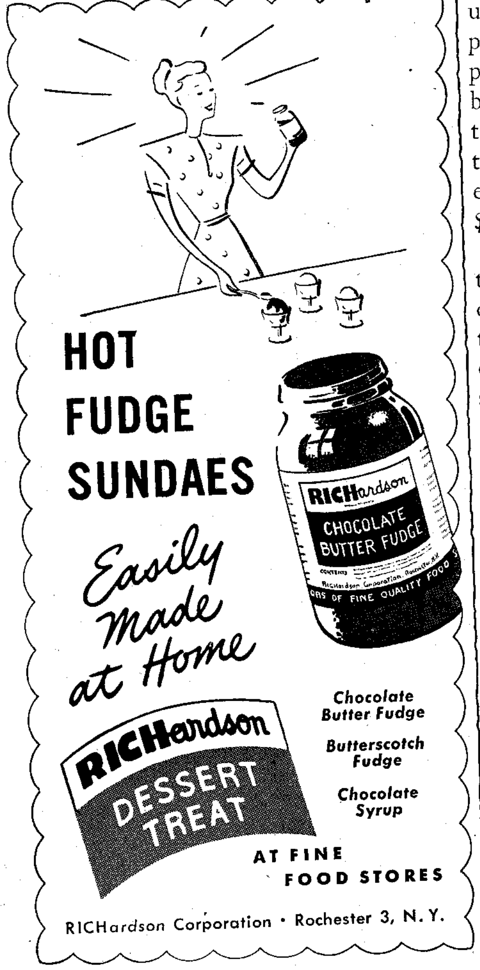
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a small, panelled door in the middle. Much more imposing is a spacious Moravian wardrobe with double doors; $550. Figures of saints and a stylized design of soft-red flowers are painted on the door panels.

Two charming Bavarian single beds, at $160 each, either of which would do well for a child's room, have on their headboards the naïvely designed hearts, cross, and IHS characteristic of most household decoration of the old Bavarian Catholic peasantry. (The side rails of one bed, the more elaborate of the two, are missing.) The shop's lovely Swiss dower chests, which cost about $180, would, perhaps, fit into American interiors better than most painted furniture. The Swedes, for instance, use *their* antique chests, which are very similar to these, to great advantage in modern rooms, and the Swiss ones, I think, would be equally successful installed in a room furnished with, say, our own early pine.

Although those familiar Swiss-peasant chairs, with hard, wooden seats, narrow backs, and peg legs set at an angle, usually inspire in me only an enormous disinterest, I find the six that Liebhold-Wallach have collected strikingly beautiful. No two such chairs are ever exactly alike, but these, which are made of magnificent walnut, unadorned by any carving, could easily pass as a set, and could be used most appropriately with a provincial dining table. Or one of them would give a country kitchen whose decoration is not of the starkly antiseptic style a fine, homely effect, provided such an effect is worth $60 to you.

This firm also makes modern furniture of a more or less rural design, some of which is very good and some rather trivial. Among the things I liked are a deep-cushioned slipper chair, upholstered in a very pretty hand-printed linen ($145), and a low-backed love seat ($220), somewhat more comfortable than the usual love seat—which isn't saying much—and covered with linen hand-printed in an off shade of red on a natural ground. These hand-printed linens and some hand-printed cottons are the special pride of the studio. All the designs are the firm's own; some are adaptations of old country patterns, and one or two were adapted from rare, antique resist materials. The cotton prints are $3.75 a yard in a thirty-six-inch width, and $7.80 in a fifty-inch width; the linens come only in the fifty-inch width and cost $9.30 a yard. The cottons have numerous delightful designs admirably suited to

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country furniture; a pattern of green-and-pink currants and pears on a white ground, at $3.75, and, at the same price, a red, vaguely Guatemalan pattern on yellow would go most pleasingly in an informal room. The real beauties, though, are the handsome linen patterns, especially some in unusual shades of blue.

IT would be a mistake to classify the luxurious *mobilier de campagne*, mostly from French manor houses, at Elinor Merrell, 40 East 57th Street, as peasant furniture, but the shop does have some sturdy pieces that began life in eighteenth-century French cottages. There are, for instance, a walnut ladder-back armchair with a very deep cushion still covered in its original blue-and-white resist material and piped in red ($90); two charming fruitwood candlestands ($85 each), similar enough to be considered a pair, on which to place matching lamps; a fruitwood blanket chest ($250); and an ample easy chair, painted a greenish gray, with a deep, quilted cushion ($150). Much rarer is the collection of old household accessories, including an assortment of those hard-to-find French-provincial quilts, filled with wool and covered with small, old-fashioned cotton-print patterns. These, which show little sign of age, though they date from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, cost from $75 to $175. A big, soft-toned blue-and-white resist bedspread, at $150, that would look extremely nice on a pine four-poster is considerably more sumptuous, and lucky indeed will be the Bucks County or Connecticut peasant who, for $30, carries off a fringed red, white, and blue checked

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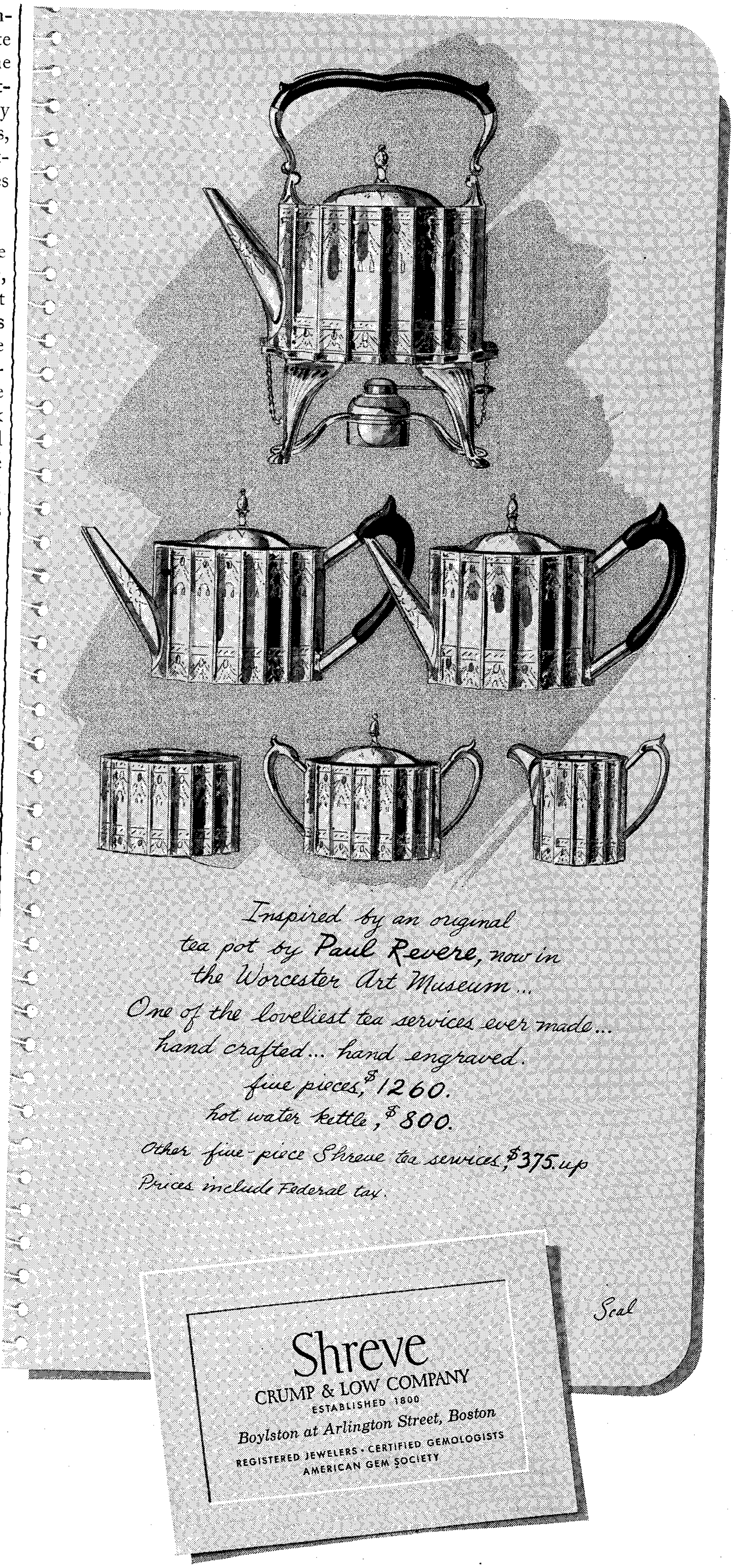
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tablecloth, the like of which I never saw.

AND now I shall get back into the twentieth century (and high time, too) and discuss a collection of furniture and accessories at the recently established firm of New Design, 33 East 75th Street. The shop, which also provides a decorating service, has a commendably selective exhibit of furniture by well-known designers. Among the items are a good-looking large birch desk with capacious drawers, a filing compartment, and plenty of knee space, designed by Florence Knoll, as well as that ubiquitous Eames chair that first appeared at the Museum of Modern Art. New things include a small Sorenson birch desk with a metal filing cabinet, two drawers, straight legs that terminate in a nice taper, and a top whose ends are finished off with pieces of counter-grained wood in a way that lends interest to the highly polished surface. There's also a laminated plywood chair of the reclining type, designed by Saarinen, that I found very comfortable, although it would, I think, be handsomer with one less angle in the back. Of Swiss design, and also new, is a little, round pale birch table with three black legs, the tops of which poke through the table's surface. I shall say right here that it is the New Design people, not I, who list as one of the table's advantages the fact that it can be folded up and put out of sight. —S. H.

•

Bonita Granville, once a child star herself, says she's discovered a second Shirley Temple—71year old Liza Cunningham of Dallas, Tex.—*Baton Rouge (La.) Morning Advocate.*

Certainly *sounds* promising.

•

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WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Neither the President nor Mrs. Truman applauded, apparently in deference to the tradition of withholding applause for members of their family.—*The Mirror, December 23rd.*

Applause—in which the 23-year-old singer's father, the President, joined beamingly—swept Constitutional Hall.
—*The World-Telegram, same day.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

New Valhalla

“Das Rheingold,” the two-hour opera that serves as the prologue to Wagner’s “Ring” trilogy, is performed so seldom at the Metropolitan Opera House that to me it seems almost like a freshly written work each time I hear it. The Met, as you undoubtedly know, digs it up for the most part only to open a special “Ring” subscription series, which was the case last week. This “Rheingold” seemed especially unfamiliar, because it was provided with new scenery, lighting, and costumes, as well as a good deal of new casting.

The sets, which were designed by Lee Simonson for performances on tour as well as on the home grounds, were both attractive and practical, and the switches in scene from the bottom of the Rhine and the subterranean caverns to the heights over the river were accomplished easily and smoothly. The new scenery gave the story a highly appropriate environment and created the right atmosphere without being obtrusive. Perhaps the only drawbacks were that the rocks in the foreground were too severely angular and stylized for the events that took place behind them, and that Wotan’s new home, which was projected on the back cloth, was rather advanced architecturally for the Valhalla colony. The lighting, which was also worked out by Mr. Simonson, reinforced the drama, and the costumes, by Mary Percy Schenk, were well designed.

This “Rheingold” was as impressive musically as it was visually. Fritz Stiedry, conducting a cast that included a number of rather recent recruits to the Metropolitan, led a fluent and consistent performance, and the effect, I am glad to say, was that of a unified presentation rather than that of a collection of solo efforts, good as many of those were.

Last week, Bohuslav Martinu’s Third Symphony was played here for the first time, by the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of Charles Münch. This work, originally presented by the Boston Symphony but not yet offered in that group’s Carnegie Hall concerts, was composed with fine

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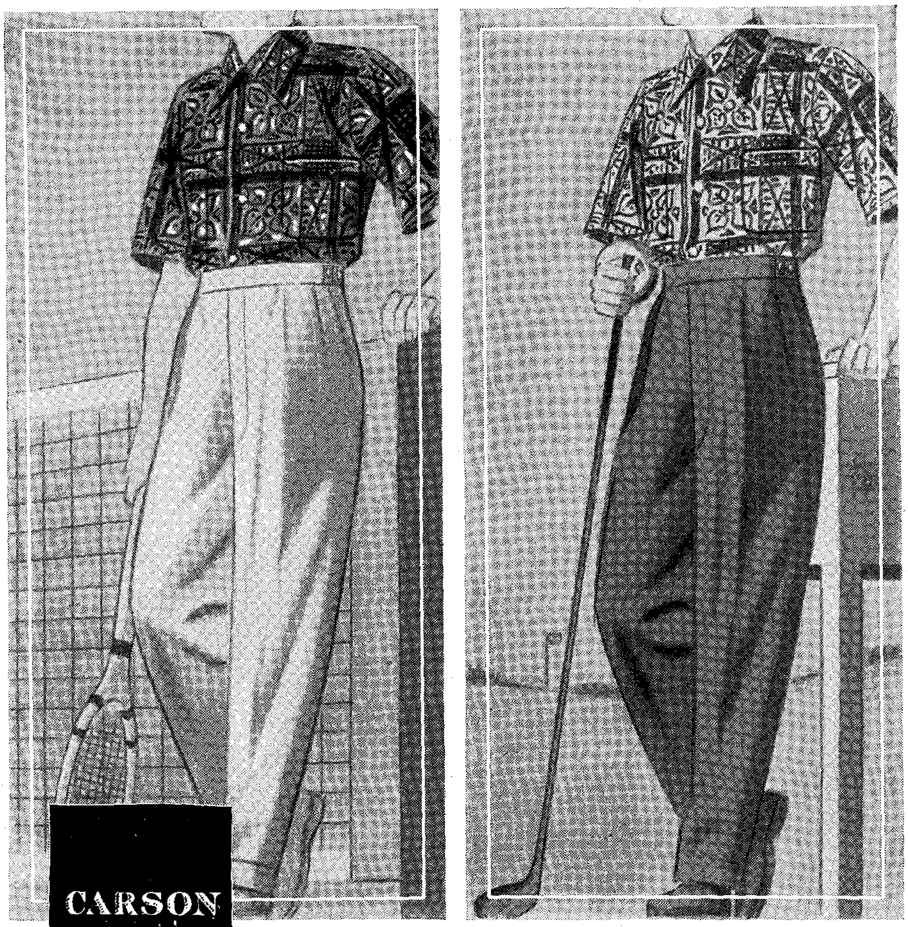

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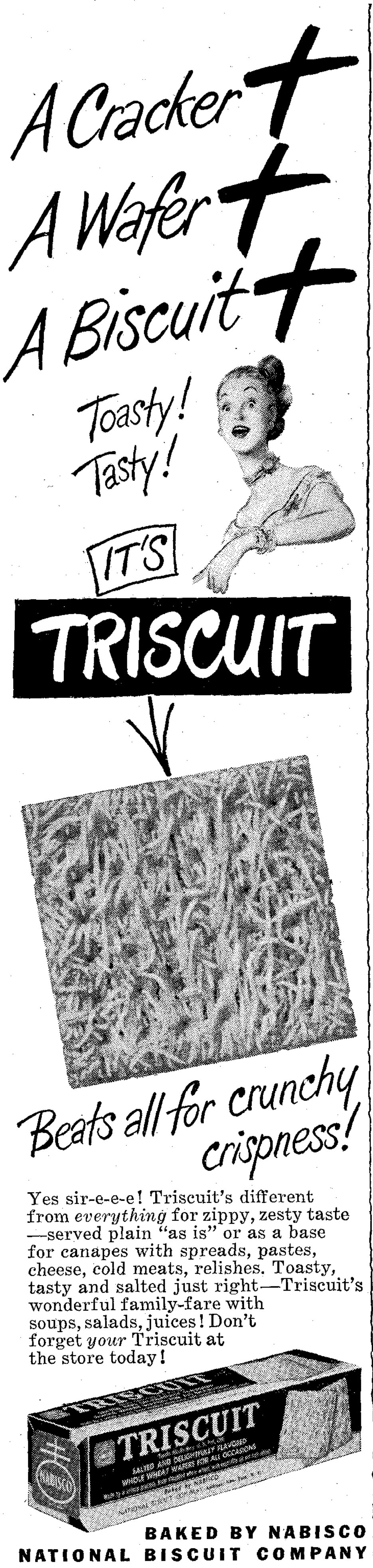

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orchestral craftsmanship, tonal beauty, and some sense of drama, and it has a finale of special substance and power. It would be even more effective if some of its melodies were not so curiously elusive. A relatively novel offering on the same program was Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," for cello and orchestra. This number calls for some superlative cello playing, which was provided by Leonard Rose, the soloist.

FOR the Little Orchestra Society's sixth Town Hall concert, Thomas Scherman, the conductor, selected another more or less unfamiliar piece—Hans Weisse's "Octet for Winds and Strings." Weisse, an eminent music-theory teacher who died in 1940, obviously wrote skillfully and euphoniously, but this octet, I'm afraid, could have profited from a fairly drastic bit of editing. The Little Orchestra Society's program opened with—and took full advantage of the humor of—Ernest Bloch's "Four Episodes for Chamber Orchestra."

LISTENERS who have been ignoring the development of band repertory—and I'm sure there are many such—might, I think, have been greatly and agreeably surprised by the Carnegie Hall program of contemporary band music given last week, in honor of Edwin Franko Goldman's seventieth birthday, by the Goldman Band, with Walter Hendl as guest conductor. The concert, held under the auspices of the League of Composers, included works by Milhaud, Schoenberg, Grainger, and Vaughan Williams, who are certainly not primarily associated with band music but whose compositions in this field are animated and distinguished.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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CONVERSATION IN A QUEUE

"LET them go to Moscow with their democracy!" said the ragged little man with a torn leather *casquette* on his head. He was standing in a queue at the rabbit stall at Meudon, near Paris, on a cold Sunday morning. "I am no ironist," he said grandly. "Irony never helps. But what a farce!"

The queue paid no attention; we had heard the *casquette* too often. He was in all the queues, with his battered khaki coat from some remote war, his *casquette* like something cooked in a stew, and his blue, wrinkled hands, and he said the same things over and over. A damp and icy wind blew through the market place, and we stamped our feet and swayed in a tribal dance without joy.

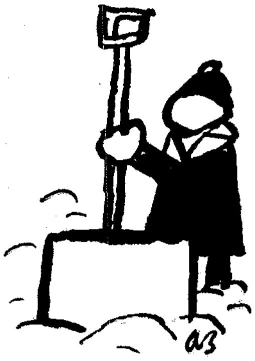
"Are there many priorities?" asked a woman with a Persian scarf, behind me.

"Only seven at the moment," a green-turbaned woman up the line answered.

A queue has no love for the holders of priority cards. These cards, which give their bearers the right to be served first, are carried by the mothers of small babies or of large families, and by pregnant women; the number of them is encouraging for the future of the nation. The priorities line forms to one side of the stall, the non-priority line to the other. Priorities are also a plague to the dealer, who must try to favor the haves without arousing too much hostility among the have-nots.

"It'll be an hour yet before we get there," said the woman with the Persian scarf in the flat, faraway voice of the queue-stander. "There'll be no rabbits left by then."

"He's got another box under the counter," said the green-turbaned woman. A warmth crept over us, in spite of the wind, and we breathed more easily, listening to the crackle of the fire that the dealer had built himself behind his stall.



"I began with a black father and a blue mother," said a white-haired woman ahead of me. "That's all I had. Now every month I am submerged in pigeons."

"Does it pay, Madame?" asked a woman in a brown shawl, who was just ahead of her.

"It pays big, Madame," said the white-haired woman. There was a lot of bird about her—beaky nose, bright black eyes, and short, wiry white hair, tossed back. "Some like them young, when they still have down on their heads," she went on. "I, now, I like them when they aren't getting any fatter but are lengthening out. Then their flesh is firmer."

"I've raised ducks," said the brown shawl, "but ducks are so dirty. Are pigeons dirty?"

"The pigeon, Madame, is normal," said the white-haired woman coldly. "He soils his cage."

"Like all of us," said the brown shawl placatingly.

"They smear us with the filth of their democracy!" said the *casquette* suddenly and fiercely.

"They're all so pretty," the white-haired woman said. "And they all know me, and I know them. Every one has his own particular sign. I can't kill them. My husband does it."

"And where is your wife, Monsieur?" said the woman with the Persian scarf to a well-dressed man behind her.

"Over at the fish, Madame," he said.

"It helps when you work together," said a woman with a blue hood. "I have a friend at the horse. She'll look after me."

"Horse isn't good now," said the woman with the Persian scarf. "Too tough. I don't bother with it."

"Discipline, discipline—that's what we need to toughen us," said the *casquette*. "Stupid and vicious, their strikes!"

"Working together's all right," said the woman with the brown shawl, "but look over there, at Mme. Piednoir. Already she's got a priority card, and she keeps her husband at the fish and her daughter at the sausage while she does the butcher, if there is one. Sometimes her father at the tripery. Now, I ask you!"

"Ah, those priorities!" said the white-haired woman. "There was one woman with a priority card—she charged sixty or seventy francs an hour to shop for the others. She did a good business. She brought along a baby carriage. One day it was full, running over, with rabbits. We called the gendarmes."

"When I was little," said the woman with the blue hood, "there were seven of us, and no priority for that. We weren't fussy. If we had a bowl of milk and chestnuts, we were satisfied. We

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stayed so—that's the trouble. If we were fussier, things might go better."

"I have a headache and feel sick at my stomach," said the woman with the Persian scarf.

"Women always have a headache and feel sick at their stomachs," said the well-dressed man. "That's normal for women. I'm so used to it that I pay no more attention."

"All the more credit to us, then, that we stand in queues every day in the week, and not just Sunday," snapped the woman with the Persian scarf.

"My husband won't stand in queues," said the woman with the brown shawl. "He'd rather stay home and clean house."

"Afraid of work! They only think of dancing, cinemas, amusement," said the *casquette*.

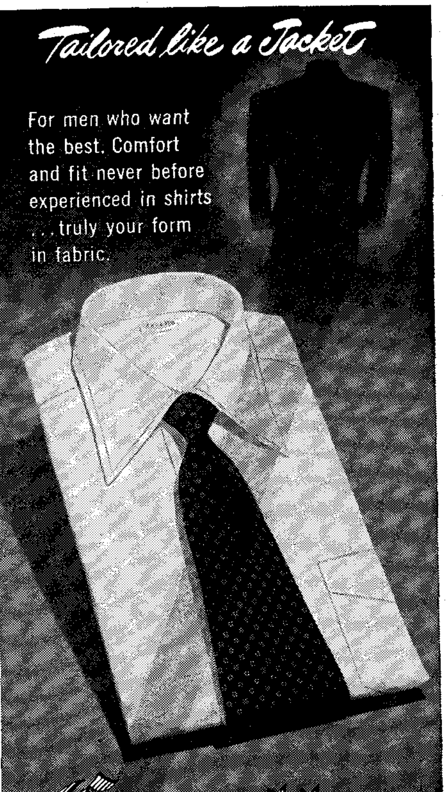
"The tree is coming nearer," said the white-haired woman. "I always feel better when I pass the tree."

"I never go to the rabbit," said the woman with the brown shawl, "that I don't remember the war, the time my brother sent me a rabbit from Brittany. A fine, big rabbit he raised himself. He wrapped it well and took it to the post office, where he got his ticket—you had to declare the weight, and all, you know. Well, from what we figured out, the postmistress falsified the ticket, took out his rabbit, and put in a young one. But that's not all. In Paris, they took the hindquarters of the little rabbit, and all I got was the head and the front legs. I cried. All the rabbits I can eat now will never make up for that one."

"Rabbits!" said an old woman who hadn't spoken before. She wore no gloves and had a piece of cat or rabbit skin wrapped around her hands. "It's not rabbits I remember. I had a beautiful apartment. People used to come from all around to see how it was arranged. I had artistic lamps that came from Hungary, and bulbs that came from Holland, and luminous fruits. Apples, pears, oranges, and grapes. Purple grapes and green, all luminous. When I came back from the Exodus, everything was stolen." She stopped as abruptly as she had started.

"Pétain—he could have done something, but they killed him," said the *casquette*.

"Funny, the things you remember," said the white-haired woman. "My husband, he's a carpenter. What he remembers—silly enough, but it's like that—is the old furniture he mended in the house of the rich *Anglais* at Bellevue, the one the Boches lived in. They smashed it to bits. 'Men, yes, but furni-



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ture—that never did them any harm,' he says. That, and the bomb that fell in the cemetery on the grave of our little son, who died years ago, when he was a baby."

"The bombardment," said the well-dressed man. "I saw a funny thing there. It was a man and all his family who had run down the steps to their cellar just when the bomb came, and it had carried away the whole house. But the man was still down at his cellar door, with his children all around him, and he was trying to hold up his house with his arms—and there was no house!" He shook with laughter.

"Two years. In two years there will be bombs over us again," said the *casquette*.

"We must hope not," said the woman with the Persian scarf. "Can't we hope for a time when there'll be no more bombs, no more queues?"

"That will be Paradise," someone said.

"Don't worry," said the white-haired woman. "There'll be a queue for Paradise, too. And when you finally get there, Saint Pierre will have lost his keys, and they'll say, 'That will be all for today, come back tomorrow.' And tomorrow—"

THERE was a commotion at the head of the line. We all leaned to one side to look, carefully, as if we were in a boat and afraid of tipping it. The green-turbaned woman, it seemed, had reached the stall at last, and had pointed to a rabbit, a large one with his white paws still on him. The dealer was about to weigh him when a woman wearing a purple hood bore down on him from the priority side. I had seen the purple hood before, in queues, and when boarding the Meudon train in Paris. No matter how large the crowd, she always butted her way to the front, like a determined rhinoceros.

"Monsieur, Monsieur! That's my rabbit!" she was saying now. "I asked you to save him for me before. I've been over at the fish. I'm a priority."

"But I had given you up, Mme. Duchenot," said the dealer, with the regret of a man of heart and the annoyance of a man of business. "Madame, here, has asked for him."

"But he's mine—it's my right!" cried the woman with the purple hood. "I asked you first."

"Evidently . . ." The dealer hesitated.

"Monsieur! You gave him to me!" shouted the green-turbaned woman. "I am not complicated, like some peo-

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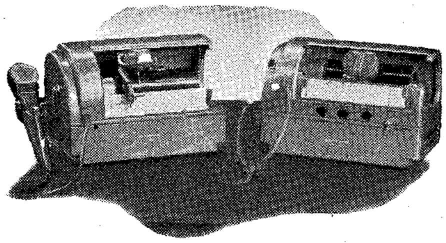

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ple. I don't make a fuss about my rights, but when Madame says it is *her* right, she makes a claim as false, perhaps, as her *carte de priorité*."

"Madame! You are a monster of contradictions!" shouted the woman with the purple hood. "Here is my *carte de priorité*. Here, look at it, and then repeat your lies. Do I come here to be treated as the last of the last?"

"Naturally . . . the priority . . ." began the dealer. He stood looking from one woman to the other.

A change came over our queue—the quiet, orderly queue. It was as though a fine, strong thread that held it together had snapped. It began to toss about; its parts turned, flapped, as if a wind had picked them up and shaken them. A sharp spitting sound ran down the line: "*Zut! Zut! Zut!*" Then the queue broke, and a wave swelled up toward the dealer.

"*Zut! Zut! Zut!*" The words flew by, stinging, like bullets.

—Mary Mian

•

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(EAGLES MATING OVER MAIN STREET DIVISION)

[*Adv. of a forthcoming novel by Ralph Ingersoll (Harcourt, Brace) in the Times Book Review*]

In more than a quarter-century as publishers we have never before heard such excited talk, such varied and numerous "inside stories" as those now circulating among professional book people about Ralph Ingersoll's novel, THE GREAT ONES.

THE GREAT ONES has been described as the love story of two very important people. They were not always important, but their story clearly shows how they became so. Letia Long was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth—only with the taste for one. Sturges Strong was the somewhat maladjusted son of a moderately successful bridgebuilder when he began his freshman year at Yale. When they met, each was at the peak of personal triumph, and their falling in love was as the mating of eagles. . . .

Only once before have we come across such a novel. That novel, which Harcourt, Brace published in 1920, was a dead-pan, mordant dissection of one kind of American society. It was called MAIN STREET.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Beaufort (S. C.) Gazette*]

Notice

We regret that lack of space forced us to omit a considerable quantity of advertising and news matter this week. The Gazette is printed in two sections, in the first of which often is carried material that would have been omitted in favor of some of that omitted from the last section—had we had on hand at the time it was needed the later material that is omitted.

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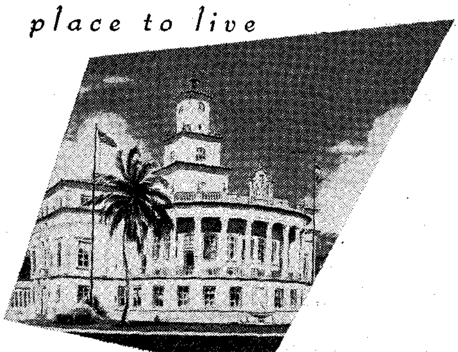

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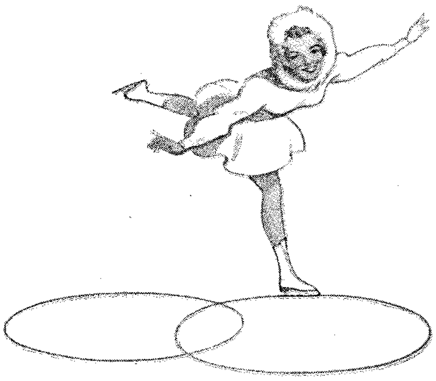

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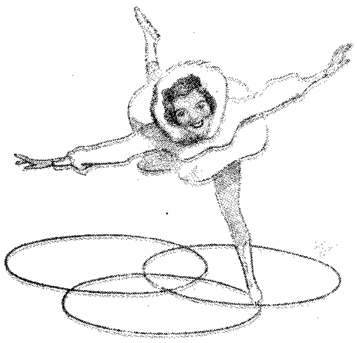
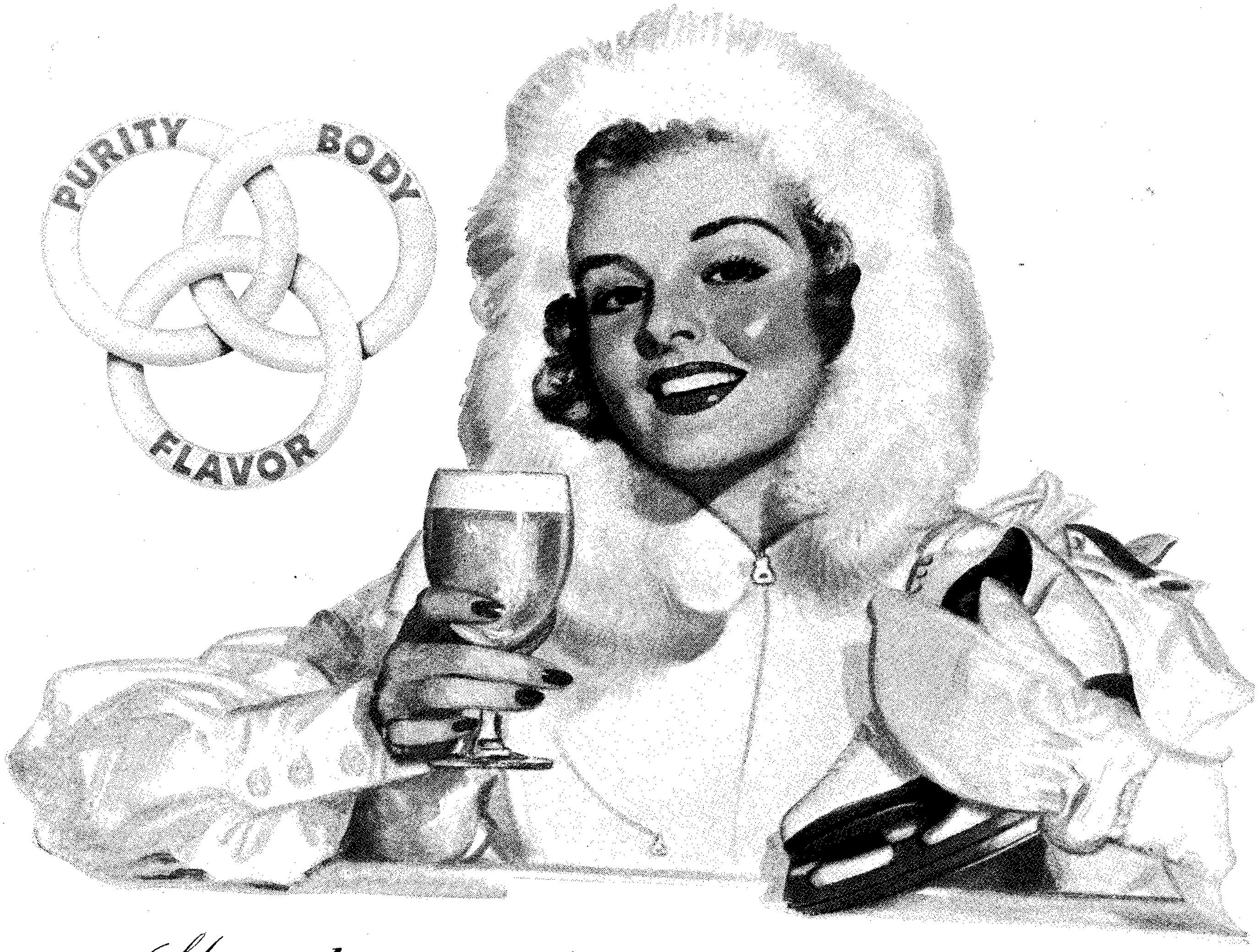


a third for **flavor**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THE RACE TRACK

Armed's Near Future

I FEAR that the only important thing I can say about racing in Florida so far this bright new season is that Armed is running in the Gulfstream Handicap, on the closing day at Gulfstream Park, this week. As you may know, Calumet Farm's best money-winner ran a useful six furlongs at that track a fortnight ago and picked up the first prize—$2,200—for the effort. His backers were pleased because he paid $2.90—more than they had had a right to expect—and his stable was pleased because the race was an encouraging tuneup for the Handicap, which has a purse of $25,000. The race Armed is really pointed for is the fifty-thousand-dollar Widener Handicap, at Hialeah, next month. He's also entered in the hundred-thousand-dollar Santa Anita Handicap, on February 28th, a week after the Widener, but it's my guess that he'll forgo that one and remain in Florida. Calumet tried to bring off that lucrative double with Armed last winter, and the results were hardly perfect. Armed won the Widener, all right, but he finished fifth in the Santa Anita. After returning to Florida and running once more, he dropped out of training until midsummer, no doubt because of excessive travelling. Still, Armed didn't do too badly in 1947. Recently, my favorite statistician pointed out that, in winning eleven races out of seventeen last year, Armed earned only $419 less than Sun Beau, who gave up running in 1931, did in his five years of racing. Purses being what they were in those days, Sun Beau had to win thirty-three out of seventy-four starts to accumulate his grand total of $376,744; that amount kept him at the head of the all-time money-earning list for nine seasons. He was passed by Seabiscuit in 1940.

Probably it's unnecessary to say that the best racing in Florida will be at Hialeah. All the larger stables down South have been waiting for the start of the forty-day meeting, this weekend, and my roving observers report that the Miami Jockey Club has dressed up its grounds with considerable charm.

IN California, Santa Anita has, of course, been operating for some time. In fact, four of the nine fifty-thousand-

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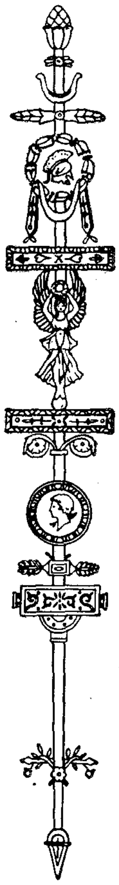

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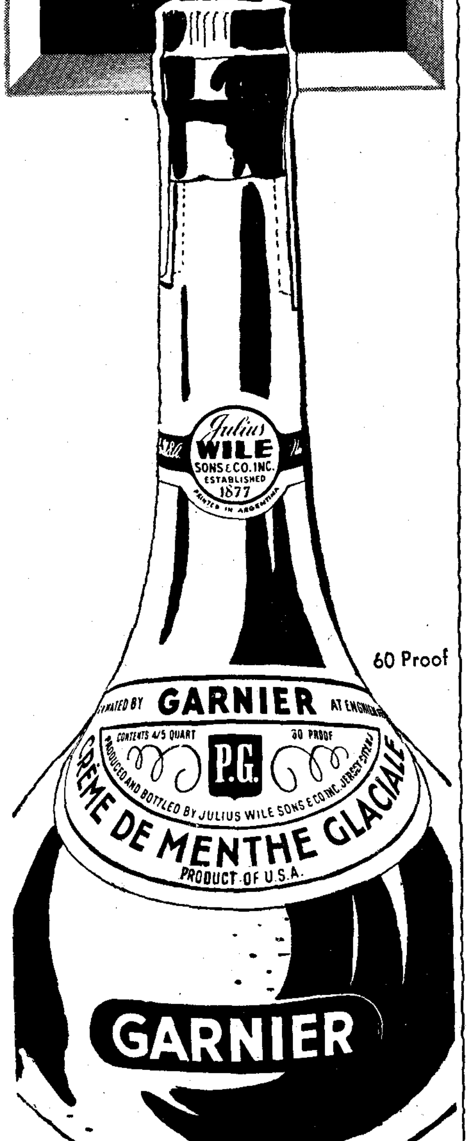
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dollar races scheduled for this winter meeting are already in the record books. One depressing thing about the recent Santa Anita racing is that Eastern horses haven't been doing any better out there than they have ever done, which has been none too good. Incidentally, I'd say that the volume of betting at Santa Anita is going to be larger than it was last year. Anyway, the handle on the opening day compared favorably to the average Saturday's business at Jamaica.

I FANCY that On Trust, who won the Santa Catalina Handicap, at Santa Anita, last Saturday, is the best four-year-old in California. I haven't seen him since he finished second in the Preakness, but he must be good to carry high weight and win the way he's been doing. I'm willing to venture, too, that he'll be a hot favorite for the Maturity Stakes, the new hundred-thousand-dollar number that will be run at Santa Anita on January 31st.

I daresay you noticed that Longden, who always rides On Trust, rode the winner of the last race at Santa Anita on December 31st, which gave him a total of three hundred and sixteen victories for the year. Of course, it doesn't necessarily follow that because Longden has brought in so many winners he is the best jockey you ever saw. There was no dancing in the streets for him when he rode here regularly; he was good in a conservative sort of way. After all, you don't take so many chances when you're rich and in your late thirties, and Longden is both. Yet when the opportunity came, and it did from time to time, he could show a touch of genius and understanding—for example, in his handling of First Fiddle in a series of races—that amounted to brilliance.

THE holidays are long past, but, just to keep the record straight, on Christmas Day a horse named Santa Claus ran third at Gulfstream Park. He was 10–1, and five of the seven other runners carried more money on their backs than he did. Maybe in Miami even hunch players don't believe in Santa Claus. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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OF ALL THINGS

ACCORDING to all observers, forward-looking statesmanship is rampant on Capitol Hill these days. Apparently, the chief aim of the members of the Eightieth Congress is to become members of the Eighty-first.

•

G.O.P. leaders are sure that the Truman plan for tax reduction can be defeated without much trouble. The Republicans may not find it quite so easy, though, to make forty dollars unpopular.

•

Public-opinion polls indicate that the Presidential election will be an uncommonly close one. It is entirely possible that on November 2nd the nation will not know before 11 P.M. whether it is to survive or perish.

•

At Senator Vandenberg's request, the words "seventeen billion dollars" have been deleted from the Marshall Plan legislation. He knows that it is good form to remove the price tag from gifts.

•

The White House announces the receipt of nearly 1,900,000 communications in 1947. It is possible that no other President ever got so many tons of free advice.

•

The price of meat continues to rise. It is estimated that beef has now reached its highest point since the cow jumped over the moon.

•

Government officials who have speculated in grain claim that no secrets were whispered into their ears by high authorities. It seems that all the inside information came from outsiders.

•

Thus far in the new year, there has been no audible improvement in radio programs. Exhaustive research reveals that people who take part in quiz shows are no brighter than they were in 1947.

•

Almost every day we read of another newspaper that has raised its price to five cents. Like it or not, we must now give the editor a nickel for his thoughts.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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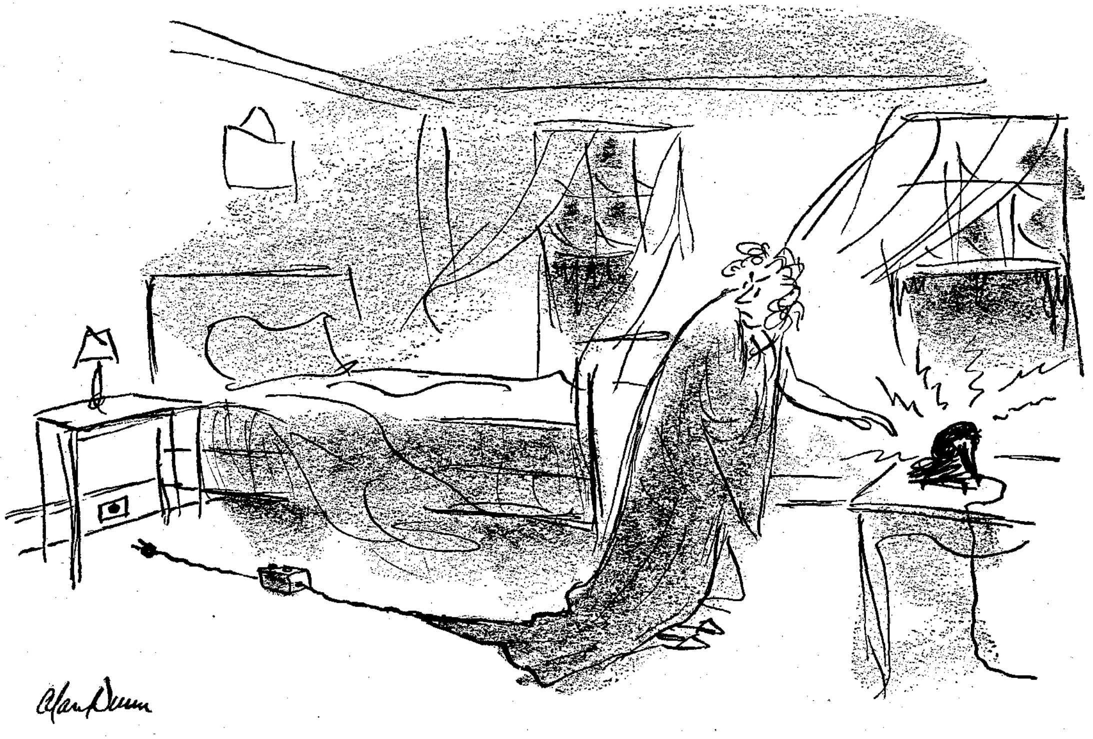
BOOKS

"Let Us Now Praise Famous Men and Our Fathers That Begat Us"

IN "The Great Rehearsal" (Viking), the Book-of-the-Month choice for February, Mr. Carl Van Doren has given us a chronological account of the memorable Federal Convention of 1787, constructed from Madison's "Notes" and the other meagre sources available. He has made a brave effort to relieve his book of the inherent dullness of his grimly abstract materials, but it would be too much to say that he has succeeded. It seems to me that his story is no more informative, and not much easier to follow, than the "Notes," or at any rate no easier than the ingenious rearrangement of the "Notes" made by Professor Arthur Taylor Prescott in his "Drafting the Federal Constitution." Indeed, I find it less illuminating than Professor Homer Carey Hockett's rather solemn and academic "Constitutional History of the United States." In the earlier part of his volume, Mr. Van Doren strives to achieve an air of informality, but the main result is a slightly tortured syntax, as when, in a paraphrase of one of Hamilton's speeches, he writes, "Nor could, he thought, any good executive ever be established 'on Republican principles.' " It is also evident that Mr. Van Doren's scrupulous regard for historical accuracy forbade him to attempt any purely imaginative reconstruction of the scenes in the State House at Philadelphia, and that his veneration for the principal actors discouraged witticisms. All the same, I cannot think of anyone now writing who could have executed any better the task that Mr. Van Doren set himself, unless it is Mr. Harold Nicolson, for whom, I daresay, the subject would have few attractions.

The curious title that Mr. Van Doren has chosen for the work is explained in his preface, in which he labors the point that the problems confronting the American people of a hundred and sixty years ago were, in miniature, the problems confronting the whole of humanity today. There had been a protracted and devastating war, which had produced severe economic dislocations and social disorder and a flood of worthless currencies. There was danger of civil strife and of attack from without. In short, he feels that the Federal Convention, which, in spite of a gloomy prognosis, triumphantly gave birth to the United States, affords a historical analogue to the United Nations. The parallel, I think, is defective in some particulars that Mr. Van Doren has discreetly ignored. In 1787, the thirteen American states had at least a tradition of unity and interdependence, inasmuch as barely a dozen years earlier they had been united under the British Crown. There were no obstacles of language or of hereditary culture, and only minor difficulties of religion and of local psychology. Mr. Madison might write from Philadelphia, on the eve of the Convention, that he knew no more about Georgia than about Kamchatka, but he soon discovered that he had no difficulty in understanding what the Georgian delegates were talking about. It is true, however, that though many of the delegates to the Convention feared what Mr. Van Doren now fears—that an insistence on separate sovereignties must in the end lead to chaos and destruction—the makers of the Constitution, for all their wisdom, did not succeed in preventing the bloodiest civil war in history or, for all their careful study of the political experiences of the classical world, foresee the causes of such a conflict.

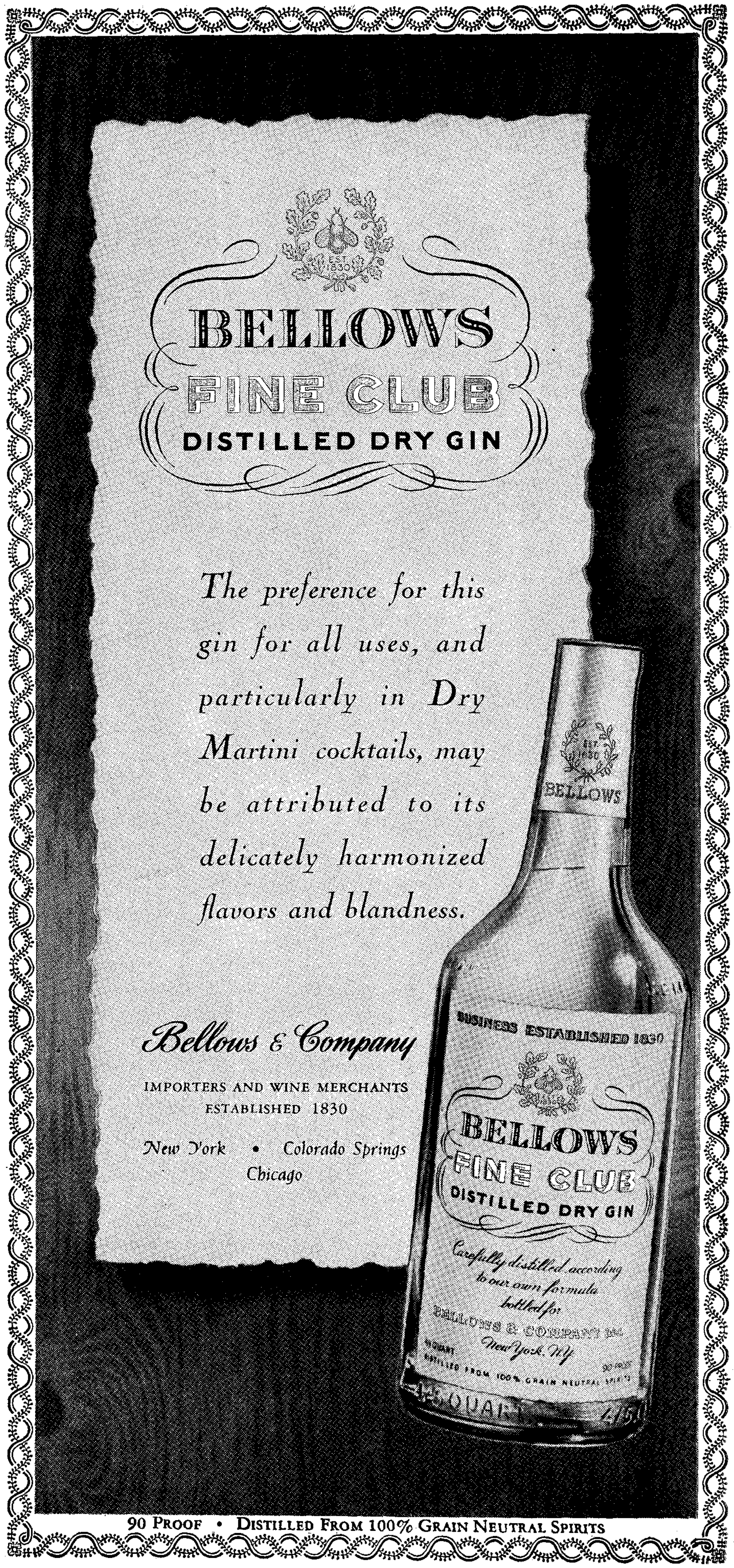
The Founding Fathers, in fact, showed no more disposition than our friends at Lake Success to solve such embarrassing problems as mass deportations, forced labor, and what is now called genocide, though they were willing to discuss them more frankly. It was generally recognized, even among the Northern delegates, that a clause forbidding interference with the African slave trade would be the price of enticing Georgia and South Carolina into the Union. In the rice swamps of those states, the slaves were dying off so fast that it was absurd to suppose that they could be replaced by local procreation. Those states, moreover, required large slave populations to assure them a sizable representation in the new legislature. However, Luther Martin, of Maryland, proposed to the Committee of Detail that the clause be radically amended either to prohibit the importation of African slaves or to restrict it by taxation. Martin had some support for his position, especially among the Virginia delegation, and the result was the compromise—embodied in Article 1, Section 9, of the Constitution—that legalized the African slave trade until 1808, meanwhile providing that the slavers' cargoes be taxed up to ten dollars per head. Madison, perhaps more prescient than the rest, predicted bitterly that the in-



tervening twenty years would be quite enough to "produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves," though later, in "The Federalist," he sang a somewhat different tune when he rejoiced that in another two decades that barbarous business would be abolished forever. He was right the first time. Those twenty years sufficed to saddle us with what Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish sociologist, has well called the American Dilemma. Six years after the ratification of the Constitution, Eli Whitney produced his cotton gin; fifteen years after the ratification, Mr. Jefferson consummated the Louisiana Purchase, and the problem of slave importations was no longer peculiar to Georgia and South Carolina. The matter of new territories was another point the Fathers were content to leave undecided, which was strange, because one of the most earnestly debated questions of the time was how large an area could be practicably administered by a republican form of government. The Constitution gave Mr. Jefferson no authority to make the Louisiana Purchase. In contriving it, he was obliged to stretch the Federalist doctrine of "implicit powers" to a length that horrified even the Federalists. The territorial problem, today represented by Puerto Rico, still troubles us.

But of these matters Mr. Van Doren has little to say. He is preoccupied, as were the Fathers, with the perennial question of how far the scope and powers of government may be safely enlarged in the interest of preserving peace and security. Since his purpose is to demonstrate that "no difficulty in the way of a world government can match the danger of a world without it," he devotes a large part of his narrative to the conflict between the proponents of the Virginia Plan (representation in a bicameral Congress on a basis of population) and those of the New Jersey Plan (equal representation in a unicameral legislature), and to showing how unfounded was the belief of the smaller states that they would be devoured by the larger. The question whether the states should have equal or disparate representation was answered, of course, by the compromise that gave them equal representation in one house and disparate representation in the other.

Mr. Van Doren's story becomes considerably livelier when he deals with the great polemical battles that preceded the ratification of the Constitution. He seems to feel that the Federalists had the better of the argument and greater popular support, but on both counts a



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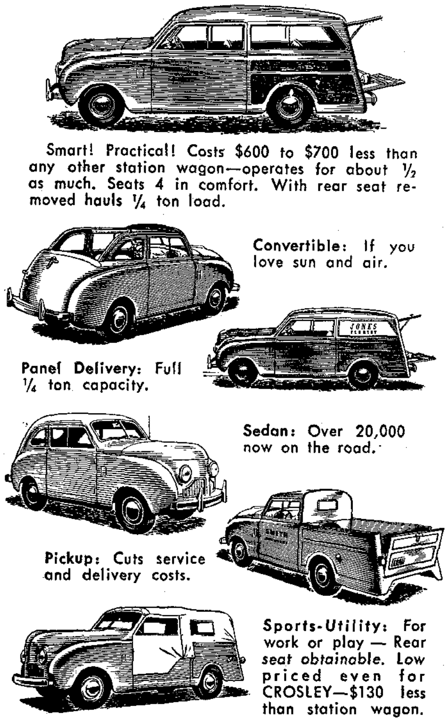

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very strong case has been made for the opposite view. One thing is certain—that in less than a generation the national myth that the Constitution was a revelation embodying the alpha and omega of political wisdom was unshakably established. Perhaps this was because, by some providential accident, it coincided with the real necessities of the national life; perhaps it was because the early government under the Constitution coincided with a resurgent prosperity, which had begun before the Federal Convention was summoned; perhaps it was because the provisions of the Constitution, like the utterances of the Delphian pythoness, can be interpreted in so many ways. Myself, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Henry Bamford Parkes, of the history department of New York University, that in the circumstances of early-nineteenth-century America almost any constitution would have been successful. Whether this will also be true of the Charter of the United Nations in the second half of the twentieth century is something I must leave to others to decide. —J. M. LALLEY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PATCHWORK TIME, by Robert Gibbons (Knopf). A novel, by the author of "Bright Is the Morning," about a young Southerner struggling toward maturity. It is also a story of life in a small Southern town, as reflected in the ideas and behavior of a number of the community's most conspicuous citizens, several of them quite respectable but most of them extraordinarily raffish. In order to keep his two stories together, Mr. Gibbons uses curious narrative and typographical stratagems apparently inspired by the later works of James Joyce. This practice merely serves to make the time between stretches of fine orthodox writing—the kind that attracted attention to Mr. Gibbons' first novel—seem tiresome.

ALL THE GIRLS WE LOVED, by Prudencio de Pereda (Farrar, Straus). Not so much a novel as an anthology, with a frail superstructure of plot, of the American soldiers' opinions about women—a sampling of what the author heard in barracks conversations during the recent war. Mr. de Pereda, who is unnecessarily described by his publishers as an intense admirer of Ernest Hemingway, hasn't his celebrated model's instinct for literary form, but his devotion to a

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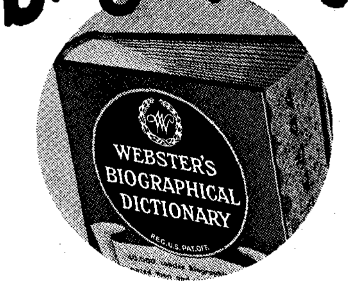

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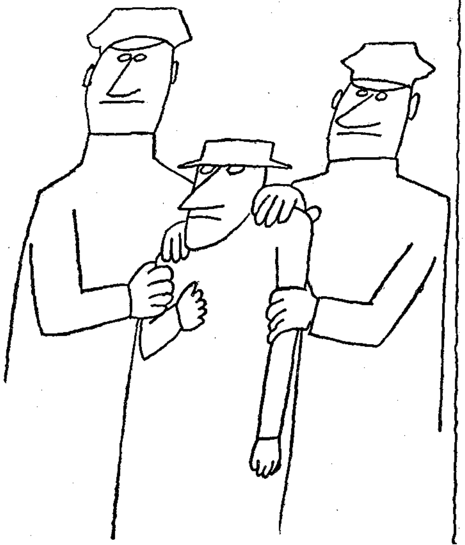
shorn style and to the *mystique* of phallic vigor would probably draw a nod of approval from the great man.

THE BENNETT PLACE, by Michael De Capite (John Day). A lady of middle years, the owner of a great house on the hill above a small town in Ohio, suddenly commits suicide among her bric-a-brac and memories. Her death causes the five townspeople who knew her best to pause for a moment of soul searching, and their recollections, which constitute the body of this novel, provide a character study of a woman whose patrician nervous system was unsuited to the clatter of modern life. A familiar theme, but quite well handled in this case. It is possibly the first time that New England and the South have lost out to Ohio as the setting for a story of aristocratic suffering.

ANNIVERSARY, by Ludwig Lewisohn (Farrar, Straus). The central character of this readable novel is a young lady of New England who is determined to free herself from the net of middle-class moral restrictions that has enveloped her since birth. Her struggle, which involves two unsuccessful marriages, is concluded to her satisfaction and that of her father, who has been saddened by her inconstancy, when she finally acquires a suitable mate. Mr. Lewisohn's conception of middle-class morality as a drag on the free-ranging human spirit may, however, seem irrelevant these days.

GENERAL

THE COMING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by Georges Lefebvre (Princeton). A history of the year 1789 in France, by one of the great authorities on the French Revolution, that is a pleasure to read, since the



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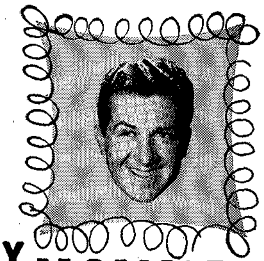

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author always knows exactly what he is doing. Professor Lefebvre sets forth clearly the many causes of that insurrection and explains the influences exerted by the various classes and factions—the nobles and the clergy, on the one side, and the bourgeoisie and the peasantry on the other. Like anyone who has studied such a momentous event so intensely, he takes a partisan view of his subject; he concludes that, despite its excesses, the revolution was necessary and ultimately a good thing.

COLONISTS IN BONDAGE, by Abbot Emerson Smith (University of North Carolina). A fascinating and tragic history of white servitude in the American colonies up to the Revolution. Among the virtual slaves sent over from England and Europe were Scotch and English Royalists taken prisoner by Oliver Cromwell, bankrupt European farmers and artisans, redemptioners, and criminals of every kind—all of whom had to serve time as indentured servants before being set free. Mr. Smith says that the arduous life of the New World soon weeded out the unfit—among them, apparently, almost all the criminals—and that by the end of the eighteenth century, when Negro slaves supplanted white labor, only the indentured whites physically and intellectually equipped to assume responsibilities in the young and expanding nation survived.

THE SILENT PEOPLE SPEAK, by Robert St. John (Doubleday). Mr. St. John, who spent a good deal of time in the Balkans during the war and recorded his observations in "From the Land of Silent People," now offers a gossipy and unhurried account of what he saw when he revisited eastern Europe last year. Most of the book is about Yugoslavia (there are a few uncomplimentary pages on Greece), and the reporting on that country is startlingly unlike what we have been getting. The author, who is almost unreservedly enthusiastic about the Yugoslavs, found the people devoted to their government; in fact, in hundreds of interviews he met only one dissident, a former Axis collaborator. He says that there is no censorship there, suggests that the Iron Curtain is largely of our own devising, and implies that though there may be a rigid dictatorship in the country, the people have not yet found out about it.

MARK TWAIN AND HAWAII, by Walter Francis Frear (Lakeside). An overwhelmingly full account of Mark Twain's visit to the Sandwich Islands, in 1866, as correspondent for the Sacramento *Union,* including all twenty-five letters he wrote for the paper. (Only about half of them turned up in "Roughing It.") Nearly every day of his four-month stay is reviewed in careful detail by the author, a judge and former governor of the islands, and the book is heavily freighted with appendixes and notes telling what the humorist wrote and said about his trip during the rest of his life. Of some interest, naturally, to students of Twain, but harder going for less dedicated readers.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MINUTE FOR MURDER, by Nicholas Blake (Harper). A wartime government bureau is not only an excellent locale for murder but a made-to-order target for literary ribbing. Both these advantages are fully exploited in this account of a poisoning that takes place, during the latter part of the war, in the Visual Propaganda Division of the British Ministry of Morale. Nigel Strangeways, always a capable amateur detective, is employed in the bureau and does the necessary sleuthing. A very neat piece of work, faintly reminiscent of Dorothy Sayers' "Murder Must Advertise," though not on a par with that landmark.

•

Michael Curtiz' second independent production, "Romance in High C," will be released as "Romance on the High Sea."—*Hollywood Reporter.*

Why not "Romance on High, See?"?

•

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[*From an adv. for Packard in Fortune, August, 1939*]

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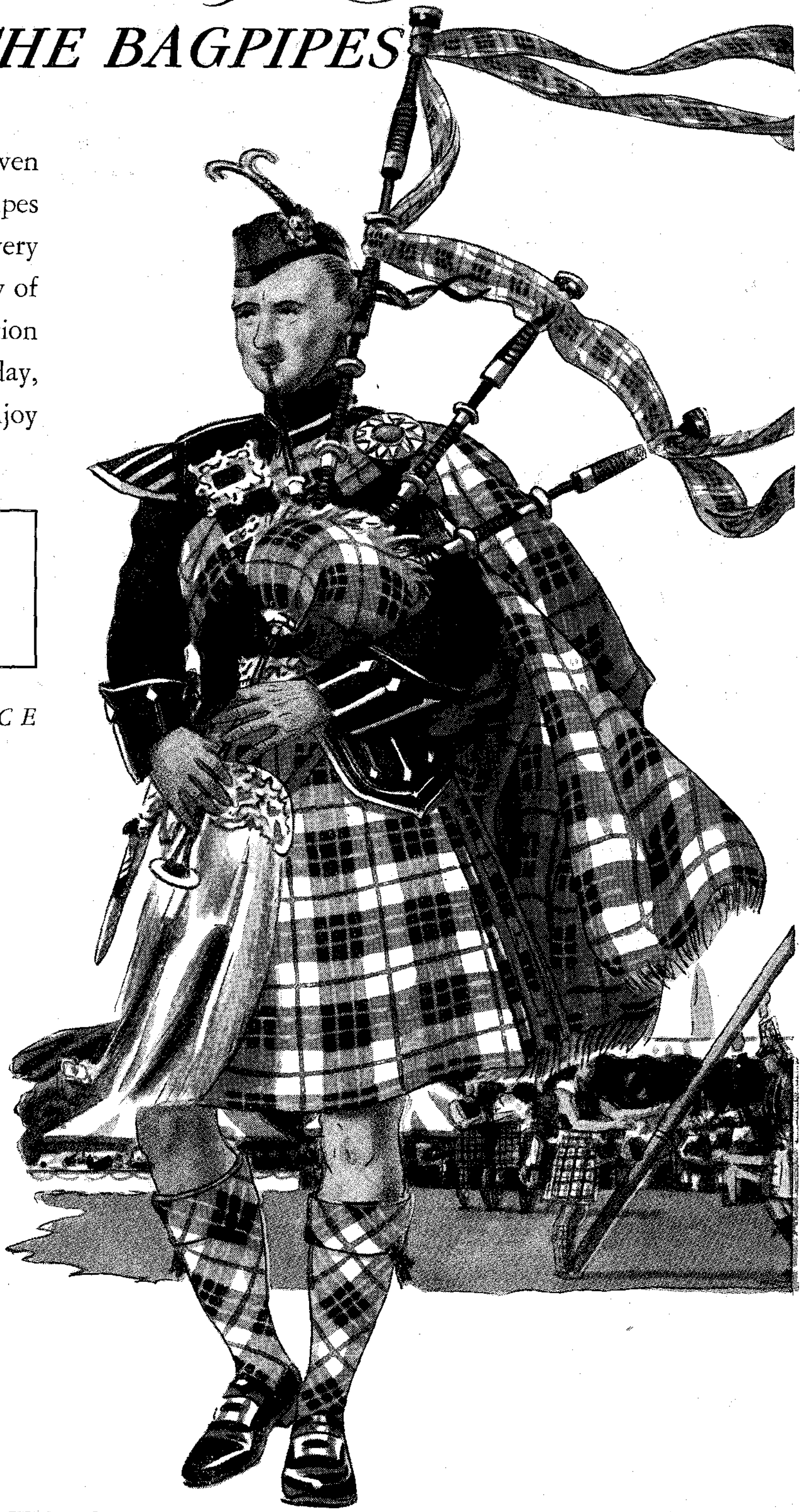

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